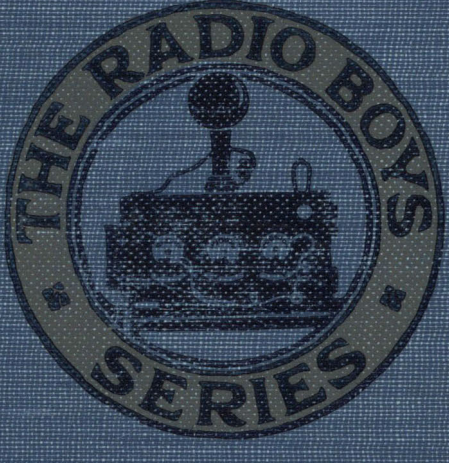
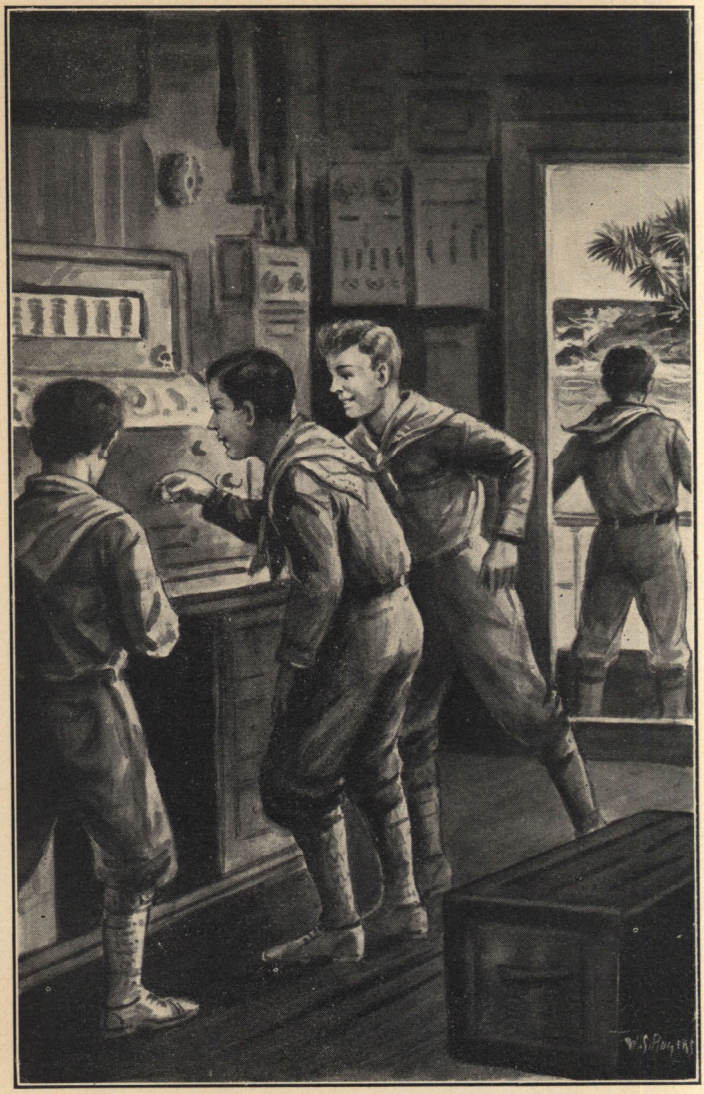
THE RADIO BOYS ON THE PACIFIC



ALLEN CHAPMAN

Carey Singleton
Jan, 18. 1933.

THE RADIO BOYS ON THE PACIFIC



"LET 'ER GO," REPLIED JOE.

The Radio Boys on the Pacific. (*Page* 198)

THE RADIO BOYS SERIES
(Trademark Registered)

THE RADIO BOYS ON THE PACIFIC

OR

SHIPWRECKED ON AN UNKNOWN ISLAND

BY

ALLEN CHAPMAN

AUTHOR OF

THE RADIO BOYS' FIRST WIRELESS
THE RADIO BOYS AIDING THE SNOWBOUND
RALPH OF THE ROUNDHOUSE, ETC.

WITH FOREWORD BY
JACK BINNS

ILLUSTRATED BY
WALTER S. ROGERS

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THE RADIO BOYS SERIES

(Trade mark registered)

THE RADIO BOYS' FIRST WIRELESS
THE RADIO BOYS AT OCEAN POINT
THE RADIO BOYS AT THE SENDING STATION
THE RADIO BOYS AT MOUNTAIN PASS
THE RADIO BOYS TRAILING A VOICE
THE RADIO BOYS WITH THE FOREST RANGERS
THE RADIO BOYS WITH THE ICEBERG PATROL
THE RADIO BOYS WITH THE FLOOD FIGHTERS
THE RADIO BOYS ON SIGNAL ISLAND
THE RADIO BOYS IN GOLD VALLEY
THE RADIO BOYS AIDING THE SNOWBOUND
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RALPH ON THE MIDNIGHT FLYER
RALPH AND THE MISSING MAIL POUCH
RALPH ON THE MOUNTAIN DIVISION
RALPH AND THE TRAIN WRECKERS

GROSSET & DUNLAP, Publishers, New York

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The Radio Boys on the Pacific

FOREWORD

BY JACK BINNS

THERE is a fascination about radio that is particularly appealing to boyish enthusiasm. It has all of the lures that distinguish other hobbies and, in addition, its mysteries offer the constant opportunity of discovery as a prize to its devotees. This is why the boy interested in it is always clear thinking and invariably quick witted.

The effect of radio upon the developing character of youth is admirably outlined in each book of "The Radio Boys" series, especially in this one which tells such a thrilling story of perilous adventure in the Pacific Ocean. How the boys met that adventure and emerged safely is the kind of story that will kindle the admiration of every boy who reads it no matter what age he has reached in his allotted three score and ten. I feel sure that every reader will envision himself as one of "The Radio Boys" and live each minute of the thrilling experiences as though he too had been born in Clintonia.

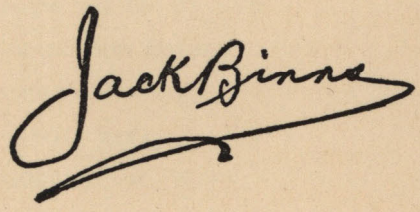
This book, like all of its predecessors in the series, displays the happy knack of keeping the

reader posted as to the advances made in the radio art—or hints their immediate future possibilities. Such, for instance, as the almost unbelievable but nevertheless actual avenue of radio waves across the Ocean to guide aircraft—that pathway, unseen, untouched, unheard by any human sense, that beckons aircraft safely across the oceanic airways unerringly irrespective of weather conditions. This is one of the latest contributions of the radio art to human transport, human safety, and human convenience.

Such a pathway is vital to our rapidly developing commercial airways, especially in a thick fog when all ordinary senses of the aviator are useless. But what use is a device of any kind that brings an airplane safely over its final destination if the pilot cannot see his landing field? At first glance that looks like an impossible problem, but again radio has come forward to solve it. Now we have a system that radiates electro-magnetic waves upward from the landing field in the form of an inverted cone with the apex touching the ground. This is known as a "Landing Field Localizer." So you see, the radio pathway takes the aviator to his destination and the localizer brings him safely to ground. Once over the field all he has to do is spiral around that electro-magnetic wave area with the aid of his receiving

equipment. Its conelike shape will bring him safely to earth.

I have outlined these two things as samples of the fascinating possibilities of Radio. Somehow nearly every boy automatically senses these things. "The Radio Boys" books have, undoubtedly, quickened the minds of a myriad of boys to the possibilities of their own futures, along healthy and interesting lines.



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THE RADIO BOYS ON THE PACIFIC

CHAPTER I

EXCITING TELEGRAMS

"GEE, fellows, if we only win the prize!" exclaimed Bob Layton, as, with three of his closest chums, he sat in his room at home tinkering with a radio set.

"That 'if' is a mighty big one," remarked Joe Atwood, as an expression of anxiety came into his face. "I understand that thousands have entered the competition, and we've got about as much chance as a peanut has with an elephant."

"But you must remember that few of the contestants have the ability and experience that we've had. And I don't mean maybe," asserted Herb Fennington.

"You hate yourself, don't you?" jeered Jimmy Plummer, between munches at a doughnut he had drawn from his pocket. "When it comes to modesty, a shrinking violet hasn't anything on you, Herb."

"And when it comes to appetite, a cormorant hasn't anything on you," retorted Herb, as he neatly snatched what remained of the doughnut from Jimmy's hand and transferred it to his own mouth, leaving the bereaved youth pop-eyed and gasping.

"Of all the nerve!" cried Jimmy.

"Nerve is my middle name," observed Herb, as he picked a crumb from his coat and sent it to follow the rest of the doughnut. "Herbert Nerve Fennington is what I was christened, or would have been if my parents could only have foreseen the heights to which I would rise by the possession of that quality."

"The next time I bring doughnuts into this bunch you'll know it."

"Leave us out of it," laughed Bob. "Joe and I haven't swiped anything."

"Only because Herb got to it first," retorted Jimmy. "I wouldn't put it past any one of you."

"I'm as honest as the day is long," remarked Joe virtuously, as he slipped his hand into Jimmy's pocket in a vain search for another of the toothsome delicacies.

He cried out as he withdrew his hand more quickly than he had inserted it.

"What's the matter?" asked Jimmy innocently.

"What's that confounded thing you have in

your pocket?" asked Joe, as he squeezed a drop of blood from his finger.

"A fishhook," replied Jimmy, grinning, now quite restored to good humor. "Didn't hurt you, did it?" he inquired, with feigned solicitude. "I'd hate to hurt a fellow who is as honest as the day is long, especially when he's a good pal of mine. Still, you found something. A fishhook isn't quite as nutritious as a doughnut, but it's better than nothing."

Joe said nothing, but looked at his finger with an injured air.

"You see I've learned something," went on Jimmy, enjoying himself hugely.

"Your teachers in high school wouldn't admit it," growled Joe, "and goodness knows they've tried hard enough with such poor material to work on."

"Quit your scrapping," admonished Bob Layton, as he gave the last touch to the adjustment he was making. "I'm thinking of something far more important than doughnuts."

"And I know what it is," put in Herb. "Hawaii, the island paradise of the Pacific! The beauty of the sunlit days! The glory of the velvet night when the sky is studded with stars! The musical ripple of the waves on the beach! The measureless expanse of gleaming waters!

The languorous breezes wooing the swooning earth!"

"What guide book did you crib that from?" asked Jimmy suspiciously.

"There speaks jealousy," mourned Herb. "The jealousy of a base mind against an eloquent orator. But even suppose I swiped it, it's good, isn't it? It shows I have a gift for selection, if nothing else."

Whether or not it was original—and any one knowing Herb would be quite sure it was not—the description had stirred the minds of the boys anew. For it was of Hawaii and the promise that it held that they had been dreaming for weeks; ever since, in fact, their minds had been called to an announcement in the *International Radio Gazette,* a journal of high standing in the world of radio.

That magazine, published in San Francisco, had offered a number of prizes for the best models, accompanied by essays, on new hook-ups in radio. The first twenty-five in order of excellence would be rewarded by trips to Hawaii. The lucky contestants would have to defray their own expenses to California, but once in San Francisco, all expenses to and from Hawaii, including three weeks on the islands and staying at first-class hotels, would be borne by the proprietors

of the magazine. Fifty smaller prizes were also offered.

It was a most enticing offer, and the four chums, who were known in their native town as the "Radio Boys" on account of their absorption in the wonderful new science, had determined at once to enter as contestants. Of course, they guessed that there would be hundreds or even thousands of competitors from all over the country, but they would at least have their chance.

"We won the Ferberton prizes," Bob Layton had argued, referring to an earlier contest for the best home-made sets sponsored by the congressman from their district. "If we did it once, why can't we do it again?"

"Yes," assented Joe Atwood. "But that was limited to the people from this district. This offer we're speaking of is open to all the radio fans in America. And that, if you ask me, is an entirely different proposition."

"Not to say anything about the law of averages," objected Herb Fennington. "The very fact we won once makes it unlikely that we will again. Lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place."

"You fellows give me a pain," returned Bob. "Stop your doubting and get to work. Remember this is for amateurs, not professionals.

Somebody's going to win, and why shouldn't we be the lucky ones? And think of the prize, if we do! The Western coast, the Golden Gate, the sea journey, the dot in the Pacific——"

"Why don't you set it to music?" interrupted Jimmy. "You and Herb ought to team up as Cicero and Medosthenes—Dosmethenes—Thenesmedos— Oh, well, that Greek fellow, you know whom I mean," he finished rather lamely.

"Come along, fellows," laughed Herb, snatching up his cap. "Let's go downtown and see if the latest number of the *Gazette* has come in. Perhaps it will have a list of the prize winners. You know it's just about time for the announcements."

They were trooping down the stairs when Jimmy stood still and sniffed.

"Something smells mighty good," he muttered.

"It's mother's baking day," replied Bob. "Cakes and muffins and pies——"

"Pies!" repeated Jimmy. "Did you really say pies, Bob?"

"Yes," Bob answered. "Lemon pies, deep ones with no end of meringue on top and——"

"Come to think of it," interrupted Jimmy, "what's the hurry about getting downtown? I've been walking a good deal to-day, anyway, and I'm rather tired."

"No, you don't!" exclaimed Joe, grabbing Jimmy firmly by the arm and hurrying him out of the door. "The pies have got to cool anyway."

"I don't mind if they're a little warm," protested Jimmy, as he struggled against coercion. "In fact, I rather like them that way."

His plea, however, was of no avail and Jimmy reluctantly submitted to the inevitable.

The air was cool and bracing and the boys swung into a rapid stride that would have required little further stimulus to develop into a trot.

As they turned a corner into a quiet street they saw at a little distance four youths of about their own age advancing toward them.

"Look who's here!" exclaimed Joe. "Buck Looker and that gang of his!"

"And two of them competitors of ours for the Hawaiian hook-up contest," murmured Bob ironically.

"Wouldn't that make a tombstone laugh?" ejaculated Herb, in disgust. "What those fellows don't know about radio would fill a library. I don't believe they could even tune in on a station and get it right."

"How on earth did they ever have the nerve to enter into the competition?" exclaimed Jimmy Plummer wonderingly.

"I don't know," replied Joe. "But this one

thing I do know. That is that Frank Young and Fred Hopwood were going to enter and had their plans and models stolen. They didn't miss them until it was too late to make duplicates. A pity too, for, as you know, they're the top of the heap at radio and would have had a mighty good chance."

"While now the fellows that stole them will have that chance," remarked Bob. "But what's the connection, Joe?"

"I don't know," replied Joe. "Draw your own inference. Here are two dandy models stolen. Here are two fellows that never showed any knowledge to speak of about radio suddenly becoming so expert that they enter a nation-wide contest where only those who are pretty good have a chance to win."

"Interesting," murmured Bob thoughtfully. "After all it may be only a coincidence."

"It may be," agreed Herb skeptically. "But we know by our own experience with Buck Looker and his cronies that there's nothing too dirty for them to stoop to. Remember how they cut our aerials and stole Bob's set? I wouldn't put anything past them."

The two groups of boys were now not far from each other. Buck's crowd, after a moment of animated conversation, had begun to roughhouse among themselves, snatching off caps

and throwing them at each other, laughing uproariously the while and apparently oblivious of Bob and his chums.

As the parties met, a cap thrown by Buck struck Jimmy in the face, while one hurled by Carl Lutz hit Joe in the eye, the sharp peak hurting him severely.

The toughs for the first time seemed to become aware of the presence of the Radio Boys. They looked at them with simulated surprise.

"Missed my aim that time," observed Buck, trying to repress a snicker.

"Me, too," grunted Lutz.

"You did, eh?" cried Joe, as he gave Carl Lutz a stinging crack in the jaw. "Well, you'll notice that I'm not missing mine."

Lutz staggered back, and his gang drew together threateningly.

"What do you mean by that?" growled Buck, thrusting his ugly jaw forward. "Two can play at that game."

"Sure they can," agreed Bob cheerfully, as he stepped nearer Looker. "I'm here to prove it. Put up your hands, Buck Looker, and I'll give you a dose of the same. I've licked you more than once, and I'm aching to do it again."

Before Bob Layton's blazing eyes Looker drew back. He had too vivid a remembrance of Bob's fists to wish to feel them again.

"Aw, you fellows go off the handle too easy," he muttered. "A fellow's cap hits you by accident and——"

"Stop right there, Buck Looker," interrupted Bob. "It was no accident, and you know it. It's just one of your dirty tricks that you thought you might get away with. But you won't. Lutz has got his and you're going to get yours. Come along. Take your medicine or crawl."

Buck hesitated and looked around uncertainly. He could expect no help from any of his crowd, for each of them was facing a determined opponent in one of the Radio Boys who stood expectant with clenched fists.

"Rather slow, aren't you?" asked Bob. "What's the matter? Got to have your face slapped before you fight? Well, if that's what you're waiting for——"

He stopped as he noted that into Buck's hunted eyes had come a look of intense relief. He turned around to see what had caused the look and saw advancing toward the group Dr. Amory Dale, the pastor of the Old First Church of Clintonia.

"Lucky for you, Dr. Dale is coming," growled Buck, with an assumption of great ferocity, "or I'd have licked you out of your boots."

Bob laughed.

"All right, Looker," he said; "that will do for an alibi as well as anything else. But the next

time you want to pick on anybody choose easier marks than you did to-day—and don't be so slow about putting up your hands."

With glowering faces Buck Looker and his cronies slunk away, crossing the street so as to avoid meeting Dr. Dale. That gentleman smiled quizzically as he saw the flush of excitement on the faces of Bob and his chums. He knew perfectly well that his coming had interrupted a scrap, but he gave no sign. One secret of the popularity of the young minister with the young people of the town and his influence over them was his ability to enter into their feelings and the unfailing tact that told him when to speak and when to keep silent. If he knew that a word in season was good, he also knew that no word at all was frequently better.

"Hello, boys," he greeted them. "Had any word about that radio contest? I know you're all in it."

"Not yet," replied Bob as spokesman for the rest. "We were just going down now to see if we could get the latest issue of the *Gazette* and see how matters stand."

"All on edge I suppose about those prizes," went on the doctor. "Here's hoping that you each win one. I know what a trip to Hawaii means. I was there myself a year or so ago, and I'd like nothing better than to go again. It's a

wonderful place. If any or all of you boys win a prize, let me know at once, won't you? I'm keenly interested."

"We will," promised the boys in chorus, and with a smile and a wave of the hand, Dr. Dale passed on.

"He's a peach, isn't he?" remarked Bob, as they resumed their walk.

"You bet he is!" agreed Joe emphatically.

"Not a word about the scrap, though he must have guessed all right," commented Herb Fennington.

Their trip that day proved without result, but two days later, when Herb was at the Laytons' house helping Bob adjust a new loud speaker, a ring came at the door.

Bob, whose mother was out, ran down to the door and found a messenger boy with a couple of telegrams in his hand.

"Layton," the boy announced. "Robert Layton," and handed the message to Bob, who had nodded assent. "Sign here, please."

As Bob took the pencil he saw that the name "Herbert Fennington" was on the other envelope.

"Herb Fennington," he said. "He's here right now."

"Good!" said the messenger. "Saves me a trip."

"Hello, Herb!" Bob called up the stairs. "Here's a telegram for you. Come down."

Herb came down, three steps at a time, got the message, and signed for it.

"So long," said the messenger boy, as he shuffled away.

Left in the hall, Bob Layton and Herb Fennington looked at each other, the same question in the eyes of each.

One message would have meant little. It might be on any indifferent subject. But two—and each to a contestant in the prize contest!

Their hearts were beating like triphammers. Each hesitated to tear open his envelope.

It was Herb who broke the tension.

"Open yours, Bob," he said with a nervous laugh.

"After you," responded Bob.

"Toss you a coin," proposed Herb.

"Done!" agreed Bob. "What do you call?"

"Heads," said Herb.

Heads it was, and Bob with a quick motion tore open his envelope.

CHAPTER II

WITH TENSE NERVES

Bob Layton ran his eyes rapidly over the contents of the telegram and then let out a whoop.

"Glory hallelujah!" he shouted. "I've won, old boy! I've copped one of the first prizes!"

"Bully!" cried Herb, his face radiant.

"Open yours," exhorted Bob. "You've got one, too. What are you waiting for?"

"This may be different," said Herb.

"Nonsense!" cried Bob. "Do you suppose they'd take the trouble to telegraph you that you'd failed? Open it, slowpoke. Here, give it to me," and in his impatience he snatched the telegram from Herb and tore it open.

"What did I tell you?" he cried jubilantly. "Word for word like mine, except for the address. Listen: 'Congratulations on winning one of the first radio prizes offered by the *Gazette*. Full details in the current issue.' "

In their jubilation the boys grabbed each other and did a wild dance about the room.

It was some time before their effervescence subsided and they were able to talk coherently. They only knew that they were too happy for words.

Then a thought struck Bob and a look of anxiety came into his face.

"But, Herb!" he exclaimed, "this is fine for you and me, but how about Jimmy and Joe?"

"That's right," agreed Herb, his exultation fading. "Gee, wouldn't it be tough if we should go and they couldn't?"

"You bet it would!" declared Bob. "It would take half of the fun out of the journey, if they were left behind."

"Maybe they got telegrams too," observed Herb hopefully. "Did you notice whether that messenger boy had any more with him?"

Bob shook his head.

"Only had two that I could see, yours and mine," he answered. "But of course he may have delivered to them before he came here."

"I'm afraid not," replied Herb. "This house is nearer the telegraph station than any of the others, and he'd naturally come here first."

"But there are several messenger boys attached to the station," Bob reminded him. "Some one of them might have had messages for Joe and Jimmy. At any rate, we won't give up hope."

"Let's run around to Joe's house and see if

he's really got a telegram," suggested Herb.

But Bob held back.

"Do you think we'd better?" he asked. "I'd hate like thunder to find he hadn't. If he's had bad luck, I want to keep the news of our good luck from him as long as possible. Of course, I know that the old boy is a sport and would be delighted to know that we had won, even if he hadn't. All the same, I'd like to put it off as long as possible."

"I guess you're right," assented Herb. "Hello, there's the bell again."

Bob glanced out of the window.

"Speaking of angels!" he exclaimed. "There's Joe himself."

He ran down the stairs and admitted his comrade.

"Hello, old scout," Bob greeted him. "Herb and I were just talking about you."

"Saying something good, I hope," grinned Joe, as he followed his chum up the stairs.

"Nothing else but," Bob assured him. "Now all we need is Jimmy to make a foursome."

"Got a bit of news for you," said Joe, as, after having greeted Herb, he threw his cap into one chair and himself into another. "The winners have been chosen in the radio prize contest. And who do you think is one of the lucky fellows? Give you three guesses."

"You, I hope," responded Bob.

Joe Atwood's face fell.

"Not so that you can notice it," he replied. "The only one I've heard of yet is—guess. Don't both speak at once."

"It isn't—it can't be Buck Looker, can it?" asked Bob incredulously.

"Hit the bull's-eye the first time," affirmed Joe. "Buck Looker it is!"

"What do you think of that?" Herb appealed to the world in general.

"The reward of virtue," observed Bob ironically. "But how did you find it out?"

"Met Frank Young a little while ago," explained Joe. "He said that Buck had got a telegram telling him that he had won and that he was showing it all about town, bragging to beat the band."

"I suppose Frank was tickled to death about it," remarked Bob dryly.

"Sore as the mischief," averred Joe. "He knows what Buck is just about as well as we do. Said he wouldn't mind a bit if Buck had won on his merits. But he knows, too, that Buck doesn't know a thing about radio and that there was funny work somewhere. Said that if Buck's model and essay were published, he'd study them with great interest. He had an impression he'd find something familiar in them."

"Which means, I suppose, that he thinks Buck stole the papers that Frank himself was going to enter," observed Herb.

"Frank didn't say that," replied Joe. "But I could see clearly enough what was in his mind. It's a rotten shame! Frank's a fine fellow and so is Fred Hopwood. It's too bad to see them cheated out of their chance."

"It sure is," agreed Herb. "Buck Looker! That yellow dog! To have him go along with us will take half the pleasure out of the trip."

"With us?" Joe took him up quickly. "How do you know that any of us are going?"

The cat was out of the bag. Herb looked flustered and Bob came to his relief.

"The fact is, Joe," he said, "that Herb and I have just got telegrams telling us that we had won. When we heard you at the door we hoped that you were coming to tell us the same thing about yourself."

Joe bounded from his chair.

"You fellows have won?" he cried, his face shining. "Bully! Splendid!"

He threw an arm about a shoulder of each and hugged them affectionately.

He was so genuine in his delight, so unaffectedly glad at his friends' good fortune, so utterly forgetful at the moment of himself, that the heart of each of his chums warmed toward him.

"Thanks, old boy," said Bob. "But there'll be mighty little fun in it for us unless you and Jimmy come along."

"I know. I'd feel the same way if the positions were reversed," replied Joe. "But after all that's the luck of the game. You fellows just ought to pitch right into it and have the time of your life. Jimmy and I will be rooting for you all the time that you're away. When you come back you'll have so much to tell us that it will almost be as though we'd been along."

"Here comes Jimmy now," remarked Herb, looking out of the window. "Hi, there, Jimmy! Don't stop to ring," he called. "The gang's all here. Come along up."

Jimmy Plummer obeyed and came into the room, puffing a little.

"Seem excited about something," remarked Bob, as Jimmy sank down into a chair.

"I am," confessed that rotund youth. "Saw an accident as I came along and it's shaken me up a little."

"An accident!" exclaimed Herb. "Nothing serious, I hope."

"Might easily have been," returned Jimmy. "Bus hit a young fellow as he was running across the street and knocked him down. Gee, my heart was in my mouth for a minute. Thought he was killed. But the bus must have hit him a

glancing blow, for when the ambulance came the doctor who examined him said that he was not seriously hurt, but would be all right after a week or so in the hospital."

"Glad it was no worse," commented Bob. "Who was the young fellow? Anybody we know?"

"No," replied Jimmy. "He was a telegraph messenger boy. Had just started out, I guess, because he had a lot of messages that were knocked all over the street. I helped pick some of them up and put them back in his pocket."

"A telegraph messenger boy!" repeated Bob. "Say, fellows," he exclaimed, as a thought struck him, "what do you say to taking a run down to the hospital?"

"What's the big idea?" asked Joe, in some surprise. "Why the sudden interest? Jimmy says he wasn't very badly hurt and we don't know him."

"It isn't that," returned Bob. "But I have a hunch that some of those telegrams may be intended for a couple of friends of mine. It seems to be telegram day in this burg. Herb and I have got them and perhaps you, Joe, and you, Jimmy, are to have yours. Come along, fellows. If my hunch is wrong, we won't be any worse off, anyway."

He snatched up his cap, the others followed

his example, and they bounded down the stairs and out the door.

The hospital was not far off, and they started for it on a run.

While they are speeding down the street, their hearts in a tumult of hope and fear, it may be well, for the benefit of those who have not read the preceding volumes of this series, to tell who the Radio Boys were and what had been their adventures up to the time this story opens.

Bob Layton, a stalwart, upstanding youth of rather dark complexion with brown eyes gleaming with intelligence, was the son of a chemist and druggist residing in Clintonia, a thriving town located on the Shagary River and about seventy-five miles from New York. He was the only child of his parents, but had not been spoiled on that account. He was a fine specimen of American boyhood, with a strong frame and moral qualities that matched the physical. He was a leader in boyish sports, frank, truthful and straightforward, and was a prime favorite with boys of his own age and the best element of the town.

Joe Atwood was the son of a prominent doctor of Clintonia. He was about the same age as Bob and from childhood had been his inseparable companion. They resembled each other in courage and square dealing, but in other re-

spects were much unlike. Joe was impulsive where Bob was cool, impetuous where Bob was self-controlled. Very little was required to excite Joe, while Bob, though never evading trouble, did not rush forward to meet it.

Closely allied with the two chums were a pair of boys a trifle younger. Herb Fennington, the son of the owner of a large department store, and Jimmy Plummer, whose father was a prosperous builder and contractor.

Herb was genial and likable. A good deal of what energy he had was employed in thinking up jokes to spring upon whoever would listen to them, yet on occasion he could rise to an emergency, and could always be depended on to stand by his comrades when they were in tight places.

Jimmy Plummer was short and stocky. He was ready to admit that he was plump, but no one else had any hesitation about pronouncing him fat. His red cheeks and rotund shape were frequently the subject of gibes, to which he submitted good-naturedly when they came from his friends. He was—some would have said afflicted, Jimmy would have put it blessed with an extraordinary appetite, and his special fondness for certain products of his mother's kitchen had gained him the nickname of "Doughnuts."

One thing more than anything else served to cement the friendship of the four boys. That

was their interest in radio. Such fans had they become that, as has been already mentioned, they were commonly referred to in Clintonia as the "Radio Boys." They were bound up in the wonderful science and had been ever since it burst upon the world. Everything they could find to read upon the subject they pounced upon with avidity. When a radio exposition was held in New York they never failed to attend and were constantly picking up ideas. And they were not content merely with theories on the subject. They put them into practice, made their own sets and were constantly seeking to improve them.

Boys so vital and energetic as the four in question could not go far in boyhood without coming in contact with enemies envious of their popularity. The Radio Boys were no exception. They had incurred the enmity especially of Buck Looker and his gang, a little coterie of bullies, sneaks and mischief-makers.

The member of Congress for the district which embraced Clintonia had offered valuable prizes for the best homemade receiving sets produced by boys in his constituency. This fired the ambition of the Radio Boys and they entered the competition. What obstacles they surmounted, the curious way in which, in the course of their experiments with radios, they were enabled to run down a scoundrel and their endeavors to restore

to an orphan girl the property out of which she had been cheated, of what the prizes consisted and who were the winners—all these things, with a host of exciting incidents, are told of in the first volume of this series, entitled: "The Radio Boys' First Wireless."

Treading on the heels of these adventures, others came crowding thick and fast and are narrated in the various volumes of the series.

The Radio Boys found themselves in the very thick of mystery and excitement. Some of these concerning a vacation at the seashore. Many occurrences, some amusing, others thrilling, accompanied their first venture into actual broadcasting from a radio station. A curious quirk of fate found them with the Forest Rangers, where they nearly lost their lives in a woodland fire. From land they went to sea in a vessel of the Iceberg Patrol, and there they encountered perils from bergs and polar bears. On a visit to the relatives of one of them they were trapped in a flood caused by a bursting dam, and their knowledge of radio saved numerous lives and large amounts of property. Later on, they were able to thwart the plans of smugglers who had their rendezvous on a deserted island. On a Western trip, they pitted their wits against those of scoundrels who were trying to steal a mine.

A journey to the North Woods gave them an

insight into the work and tragedies of a logging camp.

The perils they encountered on this forest trip —their narrow escape from wolves that beseiged them in a cabin, how they were caught in an avalanche, how close they came to actual starvation when the camp was snowbound, and how they solved their difficulties by courage and quick wit and the indispensable help of the radio—are told of in the preceding volume of this series, entitled: "The Radio Boys Aiding the Snowbound."

Now to return to the boys as they vied with each other to reach the hospital where the injured messenger boy had been taken.

On the way Jimmy Plummer was made acquainted with the joyous messages that Bob and Herb had received. He had been as heartily congratulatory as Joe had been. Now that he and Joe had a bare chance of equal good fortune—although he was forced to acknowledge that that chance was slim—Jimmy's stocky form was inspired with an energy that enabled his short legs to keep pace with the longer ones of his companions.

Dr. Atwood, Joe's father, frequently performed operations at the hospital and his name furnished an open sesame for Joe and his friends as they inquired about the patient.

"He's doing nicely, poor little fellow," said the smiling, pleasant-faced woman in nurse's uniform in charge of the information desk. "Yes, I think there will be no objection to letting you boys see him. Are you friends of his?"

"We don't know him," admitted Joe, flushing a little. "But we're mighty glad, of course, to know that he isn't seriously hurt. The fact is, I'm afraid we're thinking chiefly about ourselves. We're looking for telegrams we thought he might have for my friend here," indicating Jimmy, "and myself."

"I see," said the nurse, her eyes twinkling. "Come this way."

CHAPTER III

JUBILATION

LED by the nurse, the Radio Boys tiptoed their way through a corridor of the hospital and into a ward in which stood a long row of beds, few of which were without an occupant.

She stopped before one near the end of the row in which lay a freckled lad whose face, washed cleaner than it probably had been for many a long day, lighted up with a gleam of interest as the party stopped beside him.

"How are you feeling, Jerry?" asked the nurse, as she smiled at him.

"Not so bad," answered the boy, with an answering smile. "Left leg hurts a little, but nothin' to talk about."

"These young men have come to see you," went on the nurse.

"Glad to meetcher," grinned Jerry. "Any of you fellers got a cigarette?"

The nurse laughed and shook her finger at him.

"Nothing like that, Jerry," she said. "Not

while you're in the hospital, anyway. And even after you get out you'd do better to leave them alone."

Jerry muttered something under his breath, but his grin lost nothing of its ingratiating quality.

The nurse walked away and Jerry winked at the boys.

"All the skirts talk that way," he murmured from his vast knowledge of the sex. "Ain't they the limit?"

The boys laughed.

"Well, if you can't have cigarettes, Jerry," said Bob, "there are lots of other things you can have, oranges, jellies, marmalades, and we're going to see that you get some of them."

"Sounds swell," murmured Jerry. "Thanks."

"Glad to know that you're not hurt so bad as you might have been," continued Bob. "You might have been killed."

"Sure," assented Jerry. " 'Tain't so bad gettin' a little rest in a swell joint like this. Takes a load off my feet. Only wish, though, that I'd got rid of the bunch of stuff I had before that guy knocked me over."

"You mean your telegrams?" asked Bob, who had been wondering how he could get at the object of their visit and now clutched eagerly at the opening afforded.

"Yeah," responded Jerry. "There's a heap of 'em there," indicating his coat that had been folded over the back of a chair. "S'pose the boss'll be sendin' one of the other kids up to get 'em soon."

"Would you mind if we looked them over?" asked Bob, picking up the coat. "We're rather expecting some ourselves, and they may be in the bunch. And if you want us to, we'll take the rest back to the office."

"Sure thing!" agreed Jerry, adding with a grin: "Only don't go swipin' any of the thousand dollar bills I keep about me fur small change."

"They'll be safe," laughed Bob, as he took a sheaf of telegrams from the pocket of the threadbare jacket.

Joe and Jimmy watched him breathlessly, while Herb was scarcely less agitated.

"Here's one, by ginger!" cried Bob, as he tossed a yellow envelope to Joe.

The latter caught it and tore it open at a sweep. He glanced at the message and waved it above his head.

"I'm elected!" he shouted. "Gee, but that's great!"

"Bully!" crowed Herb, slapping Joe on the shoulder. "Now if there's only one for Jimmy!"

But their apprehensions grew as Bob went

down through the pile without result. Jimmy's usually rubicund face had grown pale. It would be a terrible thing if he of all the crowd should be left behind.

Only three left! Then two! Jimmy's heart went down into his boots.

But it came up with a bound at Bob's whoop of delight as he reached the very last telegram.

"Here it is!" Bob cried. "Jimmy, old scout, it was long in coming, but my hunch told me that you wouldn't be left out."

The boys were so elated that they forgot where they were until a nurse tiptoed toward them with her finger on her lips.

"Sorry," apologized Bob, with a placating smile. "We had such good news that we couldn't help letting ourselves go for a second. It won't happen again."

Jerry had been watching them with a grin.

"Some fellow left you guys a fortune?" he inquired.

"Not that, but something just as good," laughed Bob. "Here, boys, empty your pockets." There was a jingling of coins as the boys obeyed.

"Stick this under your pillow, Jerry," said Bob, as he handed the money to the boy. "And we're going to send up to you lots of the oranges and jellies and other things we were talking

about. And I'll take the rest of the telegrams down to the office."

"Thanks," grinned Jerry. "You fellers sure is regular guys. You'll sign for those you got, won't you?"

"Sure."

The Radio Boys filed out softly, although it was hard work to keep their ebullient spirits in check. But they took revenge when they reached the street. Any one watching them might have been pardoned for having doubts as to their sanity.

To have had one of them left out would have been a terrible damper on the spirits of those who had been chosen. In fact, it would not be too much to say that all four would rather have been losers.

"Well, now," remarked Bob, when they had achieved a certain degree of calm, "there is just one more river to cross."

"And that is?" inquired Joe.

"The consent of our folks," replied Bob. "Of course, I don't know how it is with you fellows, but I don't think my father and mother have really considered the matter. They knew, of course, that I had entered the contest, but with so many competitors I guess they didn't think I had much chance of winning. So they've thought

they wouldn't cross that bridge until they come to it. How about you fellows?"

"Just about the same with me," returned Joe, and the others nodded in assent. "But, pshaw, I don't think there'll be much trouble about that."

"They've let us go to lots of other places and never made much fuss about it," remarked Herb.

"They know by this time that we can take pretty good care of ourselves," added Jimmy.

"Yes," agreed Bob rather dubiously. "But none of our trips have carried us so far away as this one will. The long ocean trip—" he shook his head.

"It was an ocean trip when we went on the Iceberg Patrol," Jimmy reminded him.

"That time we were shipwrecked and picked up and couldn't help going," Bob replied. "However, there's no use in borrowing trouble. I'll tackle dad and mother to-night and you do the same with yours. We've just got to go, and that's all there is about it."

"Jimmy'll have to be as eloquent as Medosthenes—or was it Dosmethenes he was talking about?" remarked Joe, with a wink at the others.

"Lay off that wink," commanded Jimmy. "I know the right name, but I put it wrong just to see if you fellows would tumble."

"Yes, you did!" jeered Herb unbelievingly. "Tell us just what the right name is."

"I refuse to be catechised," returned Jimmy.

They dropped into the telegraph office with the sheaf of telegrams, stopped at a fruit store and ordered a host of good things to be sent to Jerry, and were on their way back to their respective homes when they met Fred Hopwood.

Fred was a fine fellow, a little older than the Radio Boys, and a friend of all of them.

"What's the good news?" he queried. "Each one of you fellows wears a grin like the Cheshire cat's. But I can guess all right. You've pulled off the radio prizes. Congratulations!"

"Right you are, but how did you guess it?" asked Bob.

"Oh, it's all over town that the winners have been notified," returned Fred. "That eminent radio expert, Buck Looker, has been going around shooting off his mouth like a calliope. And the minute I saw you I knew that you were in on it, too."

"Two of us at least might not have won if you and Frank Young had been able to get in your models," said Joe. "It's a rotten shame, Fred, that you were done out of your chance."

"Oh, well, that milk is spilt and there's no use crying over it," replied Fred. "It would be some satisfaction, though, if we could get hold of the crooks that stole them. We'd change their looks so that their own mothers wouldn't know them."

"Any suspicions as to who did it?" asked Bob.

Fred gave him a look that was full of meaning.

"Very definite suspicions," he answered. "Two fellows whose last names begin with the same letter."

The Radio Boys exchanged glances.

"That letter couldn't by any possibility be 'L,' could it?" asked Herb, with a grin.

"Form your own conclusions," responded Fred. "I'm making no charges. That's a dangerous thing to do unless you have proof. But don't think that Frank and I have given the matter up. We've learned that the two fellows we have in mind were lurking around the shed that Frank and I use together as a workshop on the night that the models and prints disappeared. It was a dark, wet night, and there were certain footprints in which we're much interested. We may find out who wore the shoes that made the prints. I don't know. But we're going to keep on trying."

"Go to it," encouraged Bob. "Gee, it would do me a lot of good to see those skunks cornered."

Fred Hopwood left them and the Radio Boys pursued their way, seething with indignation at the lad's misfortune.

"Hope to goodness he nabs them!" muttered Herb.

"Slim chance, I'm afraid, after all this time," observed Jimmy.

Four families in Clintonia were faced that night with a problem. It goes without saying that the parents of the Radio Boys were proud of the distinction that had come to their offspring. Congratulations were hearty and sincere. The younger members were all agog with excitement. Joe's sister, Rose, a pretty girl somewhat younger than himself, looked at her brother with a respect that was as rare as it was welcome and made Joe strut a little despite himself. Herb's two sisters, Agnes and Amy, and his brothers, Tommy and Derry, were plainly overawed. Herb felt as though he had a halo about his tousled head.

But with the parents pleasure was blended with a soberer feeling. As the boys had suspected, their elders had not really attached much importance to their sons' chances in a contest where so many had entered and so few had a chance to win. Still, they had not wanted to damp the boys' enthusiasm, and so had let the matter go along with the tacit understanding that they could enjoy their prizes, should they win them. If they did not win, that would end the matter.

But now they had won, and the parents were at the end of their tether. As Jimmy phrased it, "their bluff had been called." It was up to them to make good or renege. And here the boys had

an advantage that they were not slow in using.

Fortunately, the financial question did not enter. The parents of all the boys were in comfortable circumstances and could easily afford the expense of the trip to California and return. This was all they would have to do, as, by the terms of the contest, all expense from the moment they left San Francisco for Hawaii until they returned again to San Francisco was to be borne by the sponsors of the competition.

Nor did the question of school enter, for the boys the week before had entered upon the long summer vacation. The contest indeed had been framed with that in view, for it was supposed that a good many of the entrants would be attending high schools or academies.

So the nub of the problem was the real or imagined danger that might attend the long trip across the continent and then across the ocean to Hawaii. And this, naturally, was a thing that could not be determined as lightly as one would strike a match. It called for careful thought and much "searching of hearts."

So much so in fact that that first night did not see the end of it. When the Radio Boys got together the next morning it was found that Herb and Bob and Jimmy had won permission to go, but that Joe was still on the anxious seat.

"Didn't have such an awful lot of trouble,"

exulted Bob. "Mother was with me from the start. Dad couldn't see it quite so soon. But he came around at last."

"I had to work like a beaver," declared Jimmy. "Gee, I was Demosthenes all right."

He paused and looked around impressively.

"So you've really got the name right at last," laughed Herb.

"Bet he looked it up in his Greek history," chuckled Bob. "Now, didn't you, Jimmy, honestly?"

"As I was saying," went on Jimmy, loftily ignoring the question, "I had to use all of my well-known eloquence to get my folks to let me go. Dad was sure I was going to get drowned. Mother was afraid that I wouldn't get the right kind of food. She knows I have to keep up my strength. But I kept on till dad caved in. Said he'd do anything to stop my talking."

"Can you blame him?" put in Herb.

"When I talk I say something," said Jimmy severely. "Well, the upshot of it all was that when mother found that both dad and I were for it she gave in. So little Jimmy is sitting pretty."

"Wish I could say as much," remarked Joe gloomily. "I had my father with me right from the start. But ever since the time mother was nearly shipwrecked she's had a mortal dread of

the ocean. If we only had a bridge from San Francisco to Hawaii, she wouldn't say a word. As it is, I'm afraid my chances are none too good. She hasn't put her foot down for fair, but she's strongly inclined to say there's nothing doing."

"While there's life there's hope," encouraged Bob. "It's simply unthinkable that we should go and you stay behind. She'll give in, if you keep at her."

"I hope you're a true prophet," said Joe. "Of course, when I was talking to her she didn't know how your folks were going to take it. But now when she learns that all three of you are going she may make up her mind not to spoil the party."

That afternoon they received the latest issue of the *Gazette* for which they had been so eagerly waiting. It contained the full list of the winners of the main prizes, twenty-five in all. Especial mention was called to the unusual fact that five of the number came from the same town, and the opinion was expressed that the subject of radio had secured an especially strong grip on Clintonia.

There was no attempt to classify the winners in the order of excellence. It was enough that the twenty-five models that had been chosen were

clearly the best of all that had been submitted. Probably the sponsors of the contest thought that more friendliness would exist between the members of the Hawaiian party, if there was no room for jealousy or heart-burnings. A list of the winners of the smaller prizes was also given, but there were no contestants from Clintonia.

The only fly in the ointment for the Radio Boys was the inclusion of the name of Buck Looker among the winners. The mere fact that he was an enemy of theirs would not have counted with the Radio Boys at all, if they thought that he had won on his merits. They were sufficiently broadminded to give credit where credit was due without letting any personal feeling enter in. But in their hearts was the feeling that Buck had not won fairly. He was strutting in borrowed—worse yet, stolen—plumes.

Of this they were convinced. They knew the fellow's stupidity. They knew his laziness. To think that he would have either the intelligence or the industry to figure out a winning hook-up was grotesque.

This being so, there was only one alternative supposition. It was with either Frank Young's or Fred Hopwood's model that Buck had gained the prize.

"What are you studying so hard, Herb?" asked

Joe, as he saw that his comrade was running his eye down the long list of those who had entered the competition without being successful.

"I'm looking for a special name," murmured Herb, as he continued his search down the list. "Here it is!" he exclaimed, as he drew a pencil mark beneath it.

He held it up for his companions to see.

"Carl Lutz, Clintonia!" cried Joe. "So he tried his luck together with Buck!"

"That makes it doubly sure," affirmed Bob. "We all know that he's just as thickheaded as Buck. Yet he, too, was an entrant."

"There's the whole story," declared Joe. "Plain as a pikestaff. Two bright fellows in Clintonia have their models stolen. Two dunderheads in Clintonia that couldn't make a hook-up in a thousand years enter the competition. Put those two and two together and what do you get then?"

"Just one thing," pronounced Jimmy. "Buck Looker and Carl Lutz stole the models of Frank Young and Fred Hopwood! Looker was just wise enough to copy his stuff correctly while Lutz balled things up and lost out."

CHAPTER IV

WHEN THIEVES FALL OUT

THE Radio Boys dropped the subject of Buck Looker for the time and devoted themselves to reading carefully the details the paper gave concerning the prize trip to Hawaii.

It was to start in about two weeks from San Francisco in the steamer *Golden West.* The party was to be under the charge of one of the officers of the *International Radio Gazette,* who would exercise a sort of brotherly supervision over the boys and see that they did not get into trouble or mischief.

"Good!" exclaimed Joe when he came to this. "That'll be another argument to use with mother. I need all I can get."

The gentleman in question, a Mr. Holcombe, would attend to all the details, financial and otherwise, of the trip, choose the hotel at which they would stop during their sojourn in the islands and arrange tours to places of interest.

It was earnestly requested that all who had de-

termined to go should notify Mr. Holcombe by telegraph at the earliest possible moment so that he would know for how many he would have to secure accommodations.

There were further suggestions regarding the outfit and the kind of clothes the boys would need, having in view the Hawaiian climate. All these were carefully noted by the Radio Boys with a view to prompt compliance.

"Better get that telegram off at once," suggested Herb, as they reached the end of the instructions.

"Not till Joe can do it too," objected Bob. "Skip right up home now, Joe, and tell your mother that we're waiting for you at the telegraph office. She won't have the heart to refuse."

Nor did she, for with the added pressure brought to bear she capitulated unconditionally, and Joe, his eyes shining, beat the record in getting down to where his chums were waiting.

He did not need to say anything. His look told the story, and there was a hubbub of congratulations as his mates crowded about him.

Now that the matter was settled, the Radio Boys set about their preparations in dead earnest. There was much to do and comparatively little time to do it in. It was astonishing how many things they found that they had forgotten, even

after they were sure that their arrangements were completed.

They purchased their tickets two days before they were ready to start.

That evening Bob Layton had an errand to do for his father that carried him into the outskirts of the town. Joe had volunteered to go along with him, and the dusk was deepening into night as they returned.

They had to pass a deserted, broken-down barn on their way back, and as they came abreast of the rear of the building they heard voices that struck them as familiar.

"If you don't come across, I'll squeal," came to them in the voice of Carl Lutz.

Bob and Joe stood stock still and looked at each other.

"Sounds like the gentle art of blackmail," Bob whispered to his comrade.

"Squeal and be hanged!" came back in the angry tones of Buck Looker. "Anyway, you're as deep in the mud as I am in the mire."

Bob and Joe drew a little closer to the back of the barn and found some cracks that permitted them to look through without being seen. The darkness shrouded them securely.

There was no light in the barn except that which glowed from the tips of three cigarettes. This, faint as it was, served to outline dimly the

faces of Buck Looker, Carl Lutz and Terence Mooney. All were flushed with anger.

"Why can't you fellows be reasonable?" growled Buck. "I tell you I haven't any money, not even an extra nickel. My father's shut down on me after those last losses of mine at cards. If I were offered gold dollars for dimes I couldn't buy them."

"Lay off that stuff," returned Lutz. "Your father must be giving you hundreds of dollars for this trip. What's the matter with coughing up fifty apiece for Terry and me?"

"I won't get that money until I'm stepping on the train," returned Buck. "Even then I'll have just enough to cover my expenses. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll save all I can while I'm gone, and when I come back I'll give you fellows all I have left."

"A swell lot that will be!" sneered Lutz, in disgust. "You'll see to it that there isn't a dollar left. That doesn't go with us. You've got to scrape up a bunch of coin for us before you go or there'll be an explosion that will rock this town."

"Yes," piped up Mooney, "and that's no lie."

"What have you got to say, you little rat?" cried Buck so fiercely that Mooney shrank back. "You open your trap once more and I'll smash it for you. As for you," he addressed Lutz,

"you can't pull me down without pulling yourself down too. Go ahead and squeal. I dare you to."

"It won't hurt me as much as it will you," returned Lutz. "You've got more to lose. It will kill your trip. You won't dare show your face again in this town. Besides, if I helped you in that thing you were the one that suggested it. And you are the only one that's profited by it. I drew a dud."

"That wasn't my fault, was it?" asked Buck. "I wasn't the one that gave out the prizes. Now look here," and his belligerent tone subsided into a whine, "why are you fellows trying to gyp me? Ain't we all pals together? Do you want to give Bob Layton and his crowd a chance to crow over us? This would be fun for them, if they ever heard of it."

Bob gave Joe a nudge in the ribs.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," went on Buck placatingly. "I'll try to scrape up a ten-spot for each of you. That's the very best I can do."

"Ten dollars!" snorted Lutz contemptuously. "Chicken feed! You'll have to do better than that."

"You'll take that or you'll take a crack in the jaw!" shouted Buck springing furiously to his feet.

For a brief moment it seemed as though Buck

Looker's challenge was to be accepted. Carl Lutz also leaped up and put himself in a position of defense, and Mooney, though hesitatingly, ranged himself beside him.

But the flare-up was brief on the part of all concerned. Lutz was almost as heavy as Buck, and the help of Mooney would no doubt have turned the scales in his favor. But Buck's dominance as leader of the gang was of such long standing that the rebels hesitated.

Buck on his part seemed in no hurry to force the issue. If matters should come to an open break and the threat to "squeal" were carried out, he knew that he would find himself in a position that he shrank from facing.

After a moment his pugnacious attitude relaxed and his hands dropped to his sides.

"Aw," he growled, "what's the use of us being like so many Kilkenny cats? We've got to stick together. I'll tell you what I'll do. Twenty apiece for each of you. That's my last word. Take it or leave it."

"When do we get it?" asked Lutz suspiciously.

"Meet me at the train," said Buck. "After my father shoves me the dough I'll peel a couple of twenties off the roll and pass it over to you."

"No reneging now," warned Lutz.

"Ain't my word enough?" asked Buck surlily.

Judging by the looks on the faces of the rebels,

it was by no means enough. They were not under the slightest delusion as to the worth of their leader's word. But they had nothing else to do but cling to that slender hope and they growlingly acquiesced.

There was a movement on the part of the three that seemed to signify they were about to leave the barn, and Bob and Joe drew back to the road, where they were swallowed up in the darkness.

"Gee, I would have enjoyed seeing those crooks pummel each other!" mourned Joe.

"And we'd have had ringside seats at that," added Bob, with a chuckle. Then in a soberer mood he went on: "But doesn't that prove that our suspicions were correct about their having stolen the models from Frank and Fred? For that was surely what they were talking about."

"Sure, it was," agreed Joe. "But the mischief of it is that they didn't say so in so many words. If they had, we'd have them with the goods and we could have put Frank and Fred next to it. As it is now, if we faced them with it, they'd say that they were talking about something else and we couldn't prove anything to the contrary."

CHAPTER V

OFF FOR THE GOLDEN GATE

THE two boys lost no time in communicating what they had overheard to Frank Young and Fred Hopwood. These latter, though keenly interested, were not surprised.

"We've been sure from the first that they were the thieves," said Fred, "and what you overheard clinched it. Of course they couldn't have been speaking of anything else, especially with that reference to the prize and the dud."

"Don't think we're taking this lying down," put in Frank, his mouth grim. "We shan't rest till we have those skunks where we want them. Even if Buck is away, we'll have Lutz and Mooney to work on, and perhaps a little pressure mixed with a bit of bluff may cause them to betray themselves."

The Radio Boys had a royal send-off on the morning of their departure. Besides the members of their own families, a large number of their friends had assembled to wish them good

luck, and the waiting room of the station furnished an animated scene as the last farewells were spoken.

Among those at the station was Dr. Dale. When he came up to Bob to say good-by he handed him a letter, saying:

"When you reach Hawaii, Bob, I wish you would look up an old friend of mine, Commodore Rowland, retired, and give him this letter. It introduces you boys to him, and I am sure he will do what he can to make your stay pleasant. Not that you will need that," he added. "But I think you will like him and that he will enjoy knowing you."

"Gee, that's good of you!" blurted out Jimmy, who was standing near by.

Bob added his thanks more soberly, speaking for all of the boys.

The train drew in and the Radio Boys leaped on board, found their seats in the Pullman coach, stowed away their belongings, and then went back to the platform to wave good-by.

They caught a glimpse of Buck Looker boarding the steps of the car after he had said farewell to his father, who had accompanied him to the station and at the last moment had handed him a large roll of bills. At sight of Buck, the Radio Boys stepped forward to the vestibule of the next coach.

Buck was on the lower step of the car when Lutz and Mooney, who had been hanging around waiting for Buck's father to leave him, ran forward and clutched at his arm to detain him, at the same time speaking to him in low but excited tones.

"I can't, I tell you," Bob heard Buck say, his voice rising a little in his agitation. "I tell you the money is all in big bills."

He tried to jerk away, but Lutz did not let go.

"You're stalling," charged Lutz, his face aflame with anger.

"I'm not," denied Buck. "As soon as I can get the bills changed I'll mail you what I promised."

With a desperate wrench he tore loose from Lutz's hold, ran up the remaining steps and entered the car, leaving the latter choking with rage.

"Fooled them," grinned Bob, as he turned to his companions and narrated what he had heard of the conversation between the precious pair.

"Good!" ejaculated Joe. "Maybe now Lutz will spill something. It would have been wiser for Buck to come across."

It was a glorious day and the spirits of the Radio Boys, seldom low, rose to the highest pitch. They had embarked on a splendid adventure. What experiences lay before them! Thousands of miles of travel by land! Other thousands by

sea! Far away was the ultimate goal of their journey; that Eden lying in the silver seas about which they had heard so much and which until lately they had never expected to see for themselves. And they had won all this by their own efforts and in the fascinating work on their loved radio.

Their section was near the front of the car and they noted that Buck's berth was well toward the back. It could not be too far back to suit them.

Buck had evidenced no knowledge of their presence save a sour glance he had flung at them when they had reëntered the car. The hilarity felt by the Radio Boys was, in Buck's case, conspicuous by its absence. He sat slumped down in his seat, looking moodily out of the window, his brow corrugated into a frown.

"In the dismal dumps," commented Jimmy, as he cast a glance at their inveterate enemy.

"Thinking over his sins," observed Joe.

"If so, he ought to have enough to keep him busy from now to Christmas," declared Herb grimly.

"I don't think remorse is bothering him much," conjectured Bob. "More likely he's wondering whether Lutz will really carry out his threat to expose him."

"Oh, that was simply a bluff," remarked Joe.

"As soon as Lutz has a chance to cool off he'll have sense enough to see that any giving away of Buck would be a boomerang for himself. He'll keep quiet, all right."

"Rather slim pickings for the gang while Buck is away," observed Jimmy. "His money served to keep the whole bunch going. As a matter of fact, I don't think that any of his crowd really like Buck. They only fawn on him for what they can get."

Before long they reached New York, and their car was shunted and coupled onto one of the famous flyers that ate up space in whizzing over the rails between New York and Chicago. There was only about ten minutes of waiting, and then the train moved majestically out of the mammoth station. It rapidly gathered speed. Once out of the tunnel and in the country, the telegraph posts succeeded each other so swiftly that they were scarcely more than a blur and the boys had almost the sensation of flying through space.

"A mile a minute, if not more," pronounced Herb, as he sat, watch in hand, timing the distance between stations.

"Pretty good for a train, but I suppose it would seem slow to an aviator, who can work up a speed of a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles an hour," commented Joe.

"Speaking of radio, which we weren't," put

in Bob, "I wish we had a receiving set on the train. Wouldn't it be fun to sit back looking at the scenery and at the same time listening to music?"

"They do have sets on some of the Western trains," observed Joe, "and I'll bet the time will come when every train on the big roads will have a set for each car. Just as some of the great hotels now have them in every room."

"And just as some of the hospitals have one in every ward," added Herb.

"See that freight train?" said Bob, pointing to one that was passing on a parallel track. "It's a lallapaloozer. Must be nearly a mile long. It's safe betting that the men in the caboose in the rear and the man up front in the engine carry on all their talk by radio."

"Where do they get the power?" inquired Joe.

"Dr. Dale was telling me all about it," explained Bob. "The fifty-watts power for the transmitter is furnished on the front end of the train by the locomotive headlight generator and in the caboose by a generator harnessing the power developed by the revolving axles. The locomotive transmitter is placed on suspension springs in the rear of the tender with a brass rail acting as an antenna. The caboose transmitter is stowed in a closet, while a wire strung along the roof supplies the aerial."

"Great stuff!" commented Joe.

"You bet!" declared Bob. "You see, up to now, the communication between the cab and the caboose has had to be carried on by visible signals, such as flags or lanterns or by the dot and dash code by locomotive whistles or compressed air line. But this was limited and often misunderstood. In cloudy and foggy weather the signals couldn't always be seen. Now, you see, in case of trouble, either end can be notified surely and instantly just as if the engineer and conductor were talking within a foot of each other instead of being a mile away. It helps, too, in cutting off cars on sidings, as well as preventing accidents to trainmen. They don't have to run over the slippery tops of cars to carry messages as they often used to do."

"Score one more for radio," chortled Herb. "Gee, what won't that thing do?"

"There's no limit," declared Bob enthusiastically. "Look at the pathfinding device they've got up recently for airmen. By means of radio impulses sent through the air they mark out the lines between which it's safe for the flyers to go. It's just like two invisible ropes running side by side."

"I don't quite get you," said Jimmy.

"It's this way," explained Bob. "The radio waves are sent out in two series in parallel lines.

When the plane is traveling in the middle of the airway bounded by these lines a reed in the indicator will vibrate over a central point on the indicator. When the plane is off to one side of the airway the reed will vibrate to one side of the indicator. When he's off the airway entirely, the indicator will be dead. Then he turns to one side or the other, as the case may be, until he finds himself again in the middle of the airway. Just as simple as that."

"It wouldn't be a bad thing if they could map the Atlantic that way," remarked Herb.

"They will before they're through," stated Bob confidently. "But they haven't got to that yet. The men that fly the Atlantic will have to carry radio sets with them."

"I notice though that most of them don't," put in Jimmy. "Lindbergh got along without it."

"Oh, well, Lindbergh is in a class by himself," said Bob. "All the same, he'll come to it before he's through. The trouble is of course that the lifting power of the airplane is limited and the flyers want to carry all the gas they can. So they discard the radio because the right kind of set would weigh about a hundred and eighty pounds. But they're taking a big chance in doing without it."

"I should say they were!" observed Joe. "If those fellows that made the east to west flight

over the ocean had had a radio they could have come straight through to New York instead of coming down in Labrador."

"Talking about Labrador," said Herb, "reminds me of a funny thing that happened up in the Arctic Circle not long ago. A man on the Yukon listened in on a sermon on Saturday night that was preached on the next Sunday night."

His companions looked at him suspiciously.

"Is this one of your bad jokes, Herb?" asked Bob scoffingly.

"What are you doing, spoofing us?" inquired Joe Atwood.

"Honest Injun!" asseverated Herb. "Cross my heart and hope to die. This man heard word for word on Saturday night a sermon that wasn't preached till the next Sunday night!"

CHAPTER VI

THROUGH THE ROCKIES

"HERB thinks we're so easy that we'll believe anything," said Joe Atwood, shaking his head in puzzlement over his chum's statement.

"What's the answer?" demanded Bob.

"It's this way," explained Herb, after having enjoyed his chums' mystification long enough. "The sermon was being preached on Sunday night in Sydney, Australia. But there's a whole day's difference in time between Australia and the Yukon. So when it was Sunday night in Australia it was the preceding Saturday night up in the Arctic Circle. I hope I've made it clear to your limited intelligence."

"You had me guessing," admitted Bob, with a laugh. "Though it must have been a mighty good set to pick up a message from Australia."

"The fellow thought so himself," replied Herb. "There was an aurora borealis going on at the time, and he thought that that might have had something to do with it, though he wasn't sure.

He certainly had a variety that night, for a little later he picked up a jazz concert in New York."

"Jazz and sermons," grinned Jimmy. "Quite a mixture. But say, fellows, here's the first call for dinner. Let's beat it to the dining car and get our choice of tables."

The others were not a bit loth, for in the hurry of getting off in the morning they had paid less attention than usual to their breakfasts and now were ready to make amends.

All of them ordered liberally, but what Jimmy directed the waiter to bring him made the eyes of that ebony gentleman bulge with wonder.

"Yassah, yassah," he muttered, as the name of one item after the other fell on his ears. "Ah'll try to remembah, sah."

"Do you know, Jimmy, that there is such a thing as acute indigestion?" asked Bob severely.

"Never heard of him," replied Jimmy flippantly. "No friend of mine."

The rest of the day passed pleasantly. They had stacks of magazines, and these with the ever changing scenery to be looked at through the windows furnished things of interest to eyes and mind. The day faded into dusk, and shortly after supper, at which Jimmy nobly maintained the reputation he had established, they had the porter make up their berths and tumbled in. Once asleep, they hardly stirred till morning.

They had barely time after rising to have breakfast before they found themselves in Chicago, and shortly afterward the train with a great puffing and clanging came to a stop in the big station.

They would have very greatly liked to spend a day, or at the least a few hours, in this important city of the American continent, but this their time schedule did not permit. So they had to be content with the few glimpses they could get during the hour they were waiting for the other train to the Pacific coast. This was soon made up and they went aboard.

"No more changes now until we reach the Golden Gate," remarked Joe, as he settled down into his seat.

"And the best part of the journey is ahead of us," added Herb. "The prairies and the mountains."

"Not so much prairie as there used to be," replied Bob. "Most of it now is occupied by towns or cut up into farms. But the old mountains are there yet, just as they were when the old Forty-Niners crossed the plains in their prairie schooners."

"Those old fellows had it all over us when it came to the romance of the thing," sighed Herb, who at times was disposed to wax sentimental. "They weren't coddled in Pullman cars sitting on

soft cushions and living on the fat of the land. Close to nature! Fishing in the cool streams! Potting a buffalo and broiling the steaks over a fire in the open air! Sleeping under the stars!"

"Yes," said practical Jimmy, "and being waked up by the yells of Indians who were after their scalps. Frozen in blizzards! Bitten by rattlesnakes! Eating the bark of trees when game was scarce! Dying of thirst in the desert! No, thanks. A Pullman for mine."

"You'd take the poetry out of anything," retorted Herb.

"I don't think there was ever much poetry in it," declared Jimmy. "But look at the fellow his nibs has picked up," and he indicated with a motion of his head toward the back of the car a young fellow who was in animated conversation with Buck Looker.

He was a youth of about Looker's age, dressed gaudily, wearing a tie that fairly screamed and with a surplus of jewelry on his person. His face was hard, his bearing insolent, his eyes small and unpleasant. Young as he was, his face already bore the marks of self-indulgence and dissipation.

"I wonder where Buck picked him up," said Bob.

"Looks like a kindred soul," commented Joe.

"From the way they're gabfesting they seem to have a lot in common."

For some time the train made its way through a thickly populated country dotted with villages and cities that reminded the Radio Boys of what they had seen in the East. But after they had crossed the Mississippi the character of the country began to change. The cities were smaller in size and more widely spaced. They were going through a rich farming country where golden fields, getting ready for the harvest, were ripening in the sun. To those accustomed to the comparatively small farms of the Atlantic seaboard, the magnitude of the great fields that stretched sometimes as far as the eye could see was a revelation. Farming was being carried out on a wholesale plan. Great tractors with electricity or gasoline as the motive power had supplanted the horses attached to the plow. In some cases a small army of people were employed on a single farm.

Still further along farming gave place largely to stock raising. Thousands of sheep and cattle were browsing on the ranches. Sometimes the train would go for miles before the ranch house came in sight. Then, too, the garb of the workers was different. Cowboys in their picturesque chaps and sombreros, mounted on their wiry

bronchos, took the place of the farm workers. And the sight of these accomplished riders as they rode herd was one that never failed to bring its thrill of interest to the boys.

Then came the mining districts with their great piles of slag and slate and mineral ores making small mountains around the breakers and the entrances to the mines.

"There's another thing," remarked Joe, "where the radio has got in its work."

"Just what do you mean?" asked Herb.

"I mean in finding out where the ore deposits are and the direction in which they run," replied Joe. "Formerly it was a matter largely of guesswork. Then when they'd fixed on a likely place they dug with pick and shovel sometimes for weeks or months, only to find in many cases that they had been following a false lead and that all the work had been wasted. But radio has changed all that."

"Meaning?" said Jimmy inquiringly.

"In a number of ways," replied Joe. "I was reading about it only the other day. Sometimes they broadcast radio waves underground and catch the sound waves on the rebound. The manner in which they are reflected tells of what is in the earth below, bodies of ore and the like. Certain kinds of ore have a chemical action resem-

bling that of a dry battery. If it isn't too deeply buried, it liberates a current that plays above the surface of the ground and can be detected and measured. So in many cases they find out that a place that looked promising wasn't any good after all and they don't have to waste time and labor on it."

"Gee, if it keeps on, everything will be done by radio!" exclaimed Jimmy.

"Shouldn't wonder," put in Bob. "We've only scratched the surface so far. Before you know it radio will be doing the work of the world. It will be directing airplanes and furnishing power so that they won't have to carry a load of gasoline. It will operate dynamos for the electric lighting of the world. It will carry ships across the ocean. It will furnish power for all machinery and heat for every home."

"Anything else?" grinned Jimmy.

"Plenty that I can't think of on the minute," replied Bob. "It will operate the tractors on the farms. It will put the telegraph and telephone and the post-office out of business. Maybe the theaters. Maybe the moving pictures. Maybe the concert halls."

"I don't know about the telegraph and telephone," said Herb doubtfully. "They furnish secrecy. Outside the employees only the one who

sends the telegram and the one who receives it know what is in it. But the radio would tell everybody's business to the world."

"People could have codes known only to themselves and could decipher the messages after they received them," defended Bob.

"Right along that line," put in Joe, "did you hear about the latest way of getting secrecy in radio? They tried it out a little while ago in a message from a New York business house to its London office. They sent the message backward so that if other people heard it, it would seem just like a jumble of sounds. They had a transmitter using high and low frequencies which inverts the speech and an 'electric brain' which reverts the syllables in their proper order at the receiving end."

"The fellow who thought of that was all right," approved Jimmy. "But when you come to the theaters and the movies I doubt if radio will put them out of business."

"Not altogether," admitted Bob. "But it will surely put a big dent into them. Who'd take the trouble, say on a rainy night, or any other night for that matter, of dressing and traveling and getting home late when all they had to do was to lie back in an easy chair, turn on the dial, and listen to the play or the opera."

"But you want not only to listen but to see the performers," objected Jimmy.

"You can do that, too, before long," answered Bob. "Look at this wonderful television. A girl singing in a London music hall was not only heard but seen at the same time by her lover who was on a vessel at sea thousands of miles away. So they'll soon be broadcasting pictures as easily as they do sound. You'll be able to see, for instance, the whole cast of the play moving about the stage and hear what they say. You can see a whole movie just as if you were sitting in the darkened hall and looking at the screen. And all that without moving from your seat at home or paying a cent. I tell you the theaters and movie people are getting scared already, and they'll get more and more scared as time goes on."

"Looks that way," agreed Herb. "By the way, speaking of dials, have you heard about that fellow who's invented something that does away with dials altogether?"

"That's a new one on me," said Joe. "How does it work?"

"He has a number of levers," explained Herb, "each of them set automatically to receive a certain station. He throws up one and the program comes in from WEAF. He turns that down and throws up another lever and you're listening to

WOR. Still another and you're getting WDKA. And so it goes. No tuning or testing. That's done for you already. Throw the lever for whatever station you want, and there it is."

"Sure saves a lot of trouble," admitted Bob, "but you'd have to have an awful lot of levers if you were adjusted for every station."

"That's true," agreed Herb. "In the case I speak of, he had picked out nine principal stations, his favorite ones. Most of us have only a few that we really care about."

"But suppose the wave length of a certain station should be changed," objected Joe.

"In that case you'd have to make a different adjustment for that particular station," Herb answered. "Of course there are difficulties, but for nine people out of ten it would be a mighty big convenience."

Cooped up though they were on the train for so long a time, there were so many things to see and think about that the hours did not drag for the Radio Boys. Their senses were keen and unjaded, and the days passed all too swiftly. Eager though they were for the ocean trip, they almost regretted that the journey across the continent could not be longer.

This feeling was especially strong when the train left the plain and began to thread the gorges and surmount the plateaus of the Rockies. That

glorious and majestic scenery had a charm that held them spellbound.

Sometimes the train wound along the brinks of precipices thousands of feet in depth. Above them towered mountain peaks still capped with snow, as calm and immutable as they had been since the morning of creation.

A favorite resort of the boys was the observation car in the rear of the train from whose platform they could see in all directions for what seemed to be hundreds of miles.

The intimacy between Buck Looker and the stranger whose presence the Radio Boys had noted soon after the train had left Chicago had now become so great that they were almost inseparable. It was clear that, as Joe had said, they were kindred souls.

That the newcomer, whose name, as Jimmy had noticed from an envelope that had fallen out of the stranger's pocket, was Nat Croy, had conceived an antipathy for the Radio Boys quite as strong as his friendship for Buck had become evident. No doubt Buck had poisoned his mind against them.

Nothing had been done by the Radio Boys to warrant any such feeling. They had left Croy severely alone, as they had left Buck himself.

But Croy was evidently of a pugnacious nature, and in several ways had managed to convey

to the Radio Boys that he heartily disliked them.

Sometimes it was by a cool and insolent stare as though he were sizing them up and found that the result of his inspection was unpleasant. That this caused amusement rather than any other emotion in the Radio Boys goes without saying.

"Will you please obliterate yourself from the landscape, Herb?" remarked Joe, when his comrade had been the object of an especially offensive look. "I don't think Mr. Croy likes the color of your hair."

"He doesn't seem to think that any of us are especially attractive," grinned Herb.

"Perhaps he has an artist's soul and his standard of beauty is high," laughed Bob. "We don't measure up to it, more's the pity.

But Croy's hostility did not confine itself to looks. It took more concrete forms, but yet so cunningly camouflaged that it was difficult to resent it without seeming unduly sensitive.

Once, when Herb's foot was protruding a little in the aisle, Croy, on his way to the water cooler, brought his foot against it with such force that Herb winced with pain.

Croy turned at once and offered an apology that Herb could do nothing but accept. But after Croy had returned to his seat, there was whispering and snickering between Croy and Buck, and

Herb knew perfectly well that he was the subject of their glee.

At another time in the dining car, when the tables had been mostly taken, Joe found himself sitting opposite to Croy. No word passed between them, but toward the end of the meal Croy, apparently by accident, knocked over his glass of water full into Joe's lap.

Instantly he was profuse in apologies, handed over his napkin for Joe to dry himself, and the latter could do nothing, especially in the presence of the crowd of diners, but pretend to regard it as a pure accident. But his blood was boiling, nevertheless, for he had not the slightest doubt that it had been intentional.

"That fellow is getting ready for a licking," Joe said later to his companions, as he was wrathfully narrating the incident. "Just about one more of those accidents of his and all his apologies won't save him."

"It's Buck that really ought to get the licking," put in Jimmy. "I've no doubt it's Buck that's put Croy up to it."

"Likely enough," assented Joe grimly. "But that's no excuse for Croy. Besides, I've licked Buck so often there's no novelty in it. Croy will be something new, and he's due to have that sneer of his wiped off his face."

The next day the Radio Boys had gathered on

the observation platform to enjoy the glorious scenery. It was early in the morning and they had the place to themselves.

Not for long, however, for a few minutes later Buck Looker and Nat Croy strolled out and stood holding on to the rail a few feet distant from Bob and his chums.

Neither party, apparently, took any heed of the other. The train was winding through a defile that had numerous curves, and it was advisable to hold on to the rail lest a sudden turn should cause the loss of balance.

As the train neared one of these sharp turns, Joe, out of the corner of his eye, saw a glance of malign intelligence pass between Buck and Croy.

The next instant Croy apparently lost his clutch on the rail and lurched heavily over against Herb.

At the same moment the car turned sharply, and the impetus, combined with the impact of Croy's body, tore Herb's hands from the rail and at the same time propelled him half over the rail of the car.

He struggled to pull himself back, but the momentum was so great that his heels went up into the air and his body began to fall to the tracks.

CHAPTER VII

ALMOST A TRAGEDY

THERE was a yell of horror from the other Radio Boys when they saw Herb Fennington falling to what seemed certain death.

Instantaneously, all three reached for Herb's body. Jimmy's hand missed the mark, but Bob caught one leg and Joe the other, and they hung on with the energy of desperation.

Then Jimmy joined them, and together they pulled Herb up, shaken and gasping from his narrow escape from a terrible fate.

They got him on his feet, and while Bob and Jimmy supported him on either side, Joe Atwood turned savagely toward Buck and Croy.

Those youths were huddled together at the farther side of the platform, their faces as white as chalk. Vicious as they were, they had not contemplated anything like murder. They had simply intended another of their tricks which would annoy and discomfit their victim and which could be covered up by apologies.

Joe approached them, his eyes blazing. Both shrank back, but it was upon Croy that Joe's gaze was centered.

"I—I'm sorry," stammered Croy. "I was thrown off my balance and knocked against him. It was a pure ac——"

Joe slapped him square in the mouth.

Croy staggered back and put his hand to his mouth. He glared fiercely at Joe, but made no move to retaliate.

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded.

"It ought to be plain enough what I mean," retorted Joe. "I mean that you bumped into him on purpose. I saw the look that passed between you and that skunk," he indicated Buck. "You've had this coming to you not only for this but for other things. Your apologies don't work this time."

"You'll pay me for this," growled Croy savagely.

"Gladly," replied Joe. "Any place, any time. And it's lucky for you that you happened to be on this platform. If I hadn't been afraid of knocking you off the train, you'd have had my fist instead of the flat of my hand. As it is, you'll have something to remember me by."

"I'll remember all right," snarled Croy, as with Buck Looker he slunk away into the body of the car.

"How are you feeling, Herb?" asked Joe, as, after watching for a moment the backs of his retreating enemies, he turned to his comrade.

"I'm all right," responded Herb. "A bit jumpy from that close call, but that won't last long. Gee, fellows, I thought for a moment my last hour had come."

"It nearly had," said Bob soberly. "My heart was in my mouth for a minute."

"We owe you a vote of thanks, Joe, for the way you soaked that fellow," chuckled Jimmy. "You paid off several scores at once with that crack."

"I guess his teeth are aching," replied Joe, laughing grimly. "If I'd only had him on the ground, he wouldn't have got off so easily."

"I imagine he'll sing small from this time on," said Bob. "No more stumbling over feet or upsetting glasses of water. He had a good time for a while, but it didn't last long. I'll bet he doesn't think it's so funny, after all."

The Radio Boys went back into the car, passing the seat of Buck and Croy, who darted at them looks black with hate.

"Condoling with each other," grinned Jimmy, as the Radio Boys settled back comfortably in their own seats.

"And cooking up plans for revenge," added Herb.

"As a cooker of plans, Buck is a wonder," laughed Bob. "The only time he falls down is when he tries to put them over. Then something usually goes wrong."

"All the same," warned Jimmy, "we want to keep our eyes peeled. This Nat Croy may be of different stuff from Buck."

"No, he isn't," declared Joe. "He's yellow. I know it from the look in his eyes when I handed him that crack. He's got about as much backbone as a chocolate eclair."

The train climbed over the ranges and then dropped down for the straightaway race to San Francisco. Soon they had crossed the last state line and were in California, the Golden State.

It was like a foretaste of Hawaii itself, with its soft balmy climate. Coming after the chill and ruggedness of the mountains, the change was doubly grateful because of the contrast.

"I used to think the Californians were great boasters," remarked Bob, as his eyes feasted on the beauty of the scene, "but now I'm willing to admit that they didn't stretch the long bow a bit. It's sure one great place to live in."

"If any Florida man heard you say that, it would give him a pain," laughed Jimmy. "He wouldn't admit that California was in it for a minute. The most he might admit would be that California was a good State to die in."

"Many men, many minds," replied Joe. "It's a lucky thing that we're all fond of our own."

On they sped with fruit orchards on every side burdening the air with fragrance and delighting the eye with beauty, until at last they reached the end of the first leg of their journey and found themselves in San Francisco.

They had already made reservations of their rooms at one of the leading hotels and, hailing a taxi, were soon at their quarters. They found them airy and comfortable and commanding a magnificent view of the harbor and bay.

Their train trip had been delightful, but all the same it was good to be able to stretch their legs after the narrow limits to which they had been confined, and the sight of the gleaming waters that stretched away until they were merged into the vast Pacific filled them with dreams of the sea journey to the charming islands that had never been long distant from their thoughts.

They luxuriated in a bath and a change of clothes and then set out for the offices of the *International Radio Gazette,* at which they had been requested to report as soon as they should have reached the city.

They found the handsome building in which the magazine had its offices, and were taken up in the elevator to the tenth floor on which were

the editorial rooms. Bob Layton as spokesman for the rest, gave their names and errand to the girl in charge of the telephone desk. She put in a plug and called the office of Mr. Holcombe.

"He's in conference now," she announced, "but will be at liberty in about five minutes."

The boys seated themselves and looked about them. There was a big force of workers, the click of typewriters was incessant, and it was evident that the magazine was a prosperous institution.

"Wonder what Mr. Holcombe will be like," whispered Jimmy.

"Some stiff old codger, perhaps, who will treat us like a lot of schoolboys and expect us to be as starched and sober as himself," suggested Herb.

"You fellows borrowing trouble already?" grinned Joe.

A signal came to the switchboard operator, and she led the way to a door on which was Mr. Holcombe's name. She opened it and they filed in.

An athletic young man, not a day over thirty, jumped to his feet and welcomed them warmly. His hair was raven black and his dark eyes, while piercing, were full of friendliness and indicated a sense of humor. The boys felt at home with him at once.

"So this is our radio contingent from Clintonia," he remarked, following introductions, as he motioned them to seats and threw himself back in his swivel chair. "I'm delighted to meet you. It's a most surprising thing that that one town should furnish so many of our prize winners. We've talked about it a lot in the office. Radio must be at a premium there."

"It is," returned Bob, with a smile. "There are lots of fellows there who would rather tinker with a radio set than eat a square meal. Some of us have been accused of talking radio in our sleep."

Mr. Holcombe laughed.

"I'm afraid I'm open to the same charge," he averred. "It's the greatest thing in the world. But I thought there were five of you," he added. "Let me see, Looker, I think, was the name of the other one. Perhaps he's coming by a different train."

"No, he came by the same train that we did," answered Bob. "No doubt he'll report here before the day is over."

"Not stopping at the same hotel?" queried Mr. Holcombe.

"No," replied Bob. "We haven't seen him since he left the train."

Perhaps a surmise that Looker was not altogether congenial to the four, though Bob had

kept all hostility out of his tone, suggested Mr. Holcombe's next remark.

"I hope that we'll all be pals together on the trip," he said genially. "I've seen most of the others that make up the party outside of you Clintonia boys, and they all seem to be fine fellows. There's no reason why the best of feeling shouldn't prevail among all of us. There will doubtless be little differences of opinion from time to time. We'll all have to give and take, and I hope there won't be any discordant note. It only takes one little drop of ink, you know, to spoil a whole glass of clear water. While I'm going to have charge of the whole party, I don't want you to think of me as a boss or a dragon. The reins will be held loosely and won't be tightened unless it proves necessary. I'll just be another boy, a little older than the rest of you. I'm sure we'll get along splendidly."

"We'll try our best to do our part," promised Bob, and his comrades nodded eagerly.

"The vessel starts at ten o'clock to-morrow," went on Mr. Holcombe. "She's a fine boat, provided with every comfort and some bits of luxury as well. Some of the staterooms will accommodate four. Perhaps you boys would prefer one of those? If so, you may have one, though if you prefer two in a room you have only to say so."

"The one with four," broke from all of them at once.

"Seems to be unanimous," laughed Mr. Holcombe. "You shall have it that way. Try to be on board an hour before sailing time. In the meantime, you have most of the day before you, and I suppose you're eager to see the sights of San Francisco. Ever been here before?"

They answered in the negative.

"Then you'll have plenty to interest you," said Mr. Holcombe. "We native sons think we have a fine city. Hope you have a jolly good time. If you like, I'll detail one of the men from the office to show you the sights."

"Thanks very much," replied Bob, "but we won't trouble you that far. We'll just saunter about and probably find something interesting to fill every minute. And you can depend upon us to be at the boat on time."

They shook hands with Mr. Holcombe and made their way out.

"How about that stiff old codger that you were looking for, Herb?" asked Joe, with a grin, as they left the elevator on the ground floor and turned their steps toward the street.

"Anything but that," admitted Herb. "Gee, he's a regular fellow, isn't he?"

"You bet," agreed Bob. "I cottoned to him at once. He's all right."

"Feel already as though I'd known him for years," observed Jimmy. "If it depends on him, we're going to have a jolly time on this trip."

"Rather embarrassing when he asked us about Buck, wasn't it?" put in Joe.

"Somewhat," admitted Bob. "I guess he tumbled to the fact that we weren't especially chummy with Buck."

"I have a hunch that Buck will be the little drop of ink in the clear glass of water," put in Herb.

"No doubt he'll try to be," assented Bob. "But if the other prize winners turn out to be all right, we can just forget all about Buck."

"The trouble is that Buck won't let us forget him," said Joe. "He sticks out like a sore thumb."

They dined at their hotel and then started out to see the sights of the Western metropolis. They visited the points of interest connected with the coming of the old settlers, when San Francisco had sprung up like Jonah's gourd almost over night. They wandered through the streets of Chinatown, an Oriental city set down in the midst of an Occidental town. The temples, the joss houses, the restaurants, the curio shops thrilled them with a sense of romance and stimulated their imagination. They stood on the waterfront, looked over the bay to Oakland and

later gazed on the sea lions playing and roaring on the rocks of the Golden Gate. They wandered along the docks, and stopped with especial interest when they reached the pier where lay the moored steamer that was going to carry them to Hawaii.

"The *Golden West!*" exclaimed Bob, as he read the letters on the stern. "Gee, isn't she a beauty?"

"Look at those lines," said Joe. "They're almost like those of a racing yacht. I guess there aren't many vessels to which she can't show her heels."

It was indeed a splendid vessel, long and slender like a greyhound, strong and staunchly built, and looking able to defy all the storms of the Pacific.

The piers were crowded with traffic, and considerable skill was necessary to thread one's way safely between the panting automobile trucks and the piled-up casks and bales waiting to be loaded on outgoing vessels.

At one specially congested spot Bob found himself separated from his companions, and when at last he had threaded a passage they were not in sight.

He hastened up the street where he thought they had gone, but after walking a block or two found that he was on the wrong trail. By that

time they were also looking for him, but in the maze of streets and alleys could not find him.

After a few minutes of fruitless effort Bob realized that he was definitely separated from his comrades. It was getting dark, anyway, and he resolved that he would go directly to his hotel.

He knew the general direction, and was making his way through one of the shabby streets of the waterfront that was bordered on each side by the long fences of lumberyards.

It was not much traveled, and the only people in sight were two figures coming toward him in whom he recognized something vaguely familiar in the dusk.

As they came nearer he saw that they were the figures of Buck Looker and Nat Croy!

CHAPTER VIII

A BATTLE ROYAL

It was with a little quickening of the pulse that Bob Layton recognized his two enemies. He knew that, however cowardly each might be when alone, they would gain confidence from each other when together. He knew, too, that the lonely street and the gathering dusk might prove to be too good an opportunity for mischief to be overlooked.

He did not in the least degree, however, slacken his pace. He resolved to ignore the fellows unless they themselves were seeking trouble.

Buck and Croy by this time had recognized Bob. The latter knew it by their sudden start and the animated talk that immediately followed. As Bob neared them they stopped abruptly and barred the way.

Bob took no apparent notice of this. He looked at them calmly and had no trouble in reading the dislike and exultation in their eyes.

As they came face to face Bob stepped to the

right as though to pass. Both Croy and Buck blocked him. Then Bob stepped to the left. They moved in the same direction.

"Isn't the street big enough for you?" asked Bob. "I want to pass."

"We see you do," sneered Croy, "and that's just what you're not going to do. Not at any rate until we're through with you. Get me?"

"Not exactly," replied Bob, trying to keep his temper. "What does this mean?"

"It means," replied Croy, "that we've got you just where we want you. It means that I've got a debt to pay and here's where I'm going to pay it. It means that you're going to get the drubbing of your life."

"That's interesting," replied Bob calmly. "I've never had it yet, and I'm curious to know how it feels. Who's going to give it to me?"

"We are," replied Croy.

"'We?'" repeated Bob. "That's more interesting still. Can't you pay your own debts all by your lonesome?"

"I guess Buck owes you something, too," replied Croy savagely. "We'll pay you both at the same time."

"You bet we will," snarled Buck.

"You've tried it several times, Buck, but you've always made a mess of it," observed Bob. "I'd hate to have to lick you again. You're going on

the trip to Hawaii, and I promised only this morning that I'd do everything I could to keep harmony in the party. As for Croy, he can have any satisfaction he's looking for."

"He's crawfishing with that talk about harmony," cried Croy, delighted at what he thought was a sign of weakening. "Come on, Buck. We'll beat him to a frazzle."

They made a rush at Bob.

But they had reckoned without the panther-like quickness of the lad they intended to make their victim.

Like a flash, Bob's right fist shot out and caught Croy on the chin with a force that rocked him from head to heels.

Croy staggered back. Bob was just in time to duck a savage blow from Buck. As he straightened up, he lashed out with a terrific left that lifted Buck off his feet and sent him hurtling to the sidewalk.

Croy was coming on again and Bob sailed into him like a wildcat, his arms going like flails. Beneath that storm of blows Croy, after one or two ineffectual attempts to get in a stroke, began to give ground and cover up, intent only on defence.

In the meantime, Buck had regained his feet and with a bellow of rage lunged for Bob's head. Bob lifted his shoulder and caught the force of

the blow there. Then he countered with his right and struck Buck's nose.

He was following this up with another, when he felt his arms grabbed from behind.

"Soak him, Buck!" shouted Croy. "I'll hold him. Give it to him good and plenty!"

"Watch me," panted Buck.

He struck at Bob with all his might, but a sudden shift of the head evaded the fist, that slipped over Bob's shoulder and landed straight in Croy's face. He staggered back and Bob wrenched himself loose and swung a left at Croy's head. The latter was already off his balance from Buck's blow, and Bob's stroke sent him tumbling to the ground.

For a few seconds he was out of commission, and Bob employed those precious seconds in going around Buck like a cooper round a barrel, smashing him pitilessly with rights and lefts until the latter was thoroughly demoralized and started to run.

Panting from his exertions, Bob turned to Croy. The latter was starting to rise, but as he saw Bob towering above him he stopped when he was on one knee.

"Get up," urged Bob. "What are you waiting for? Want me to help you up so that I can knock you down again?"

Stung by the taunt, Croy started again to rise,

but again reconsidered. The yellow streak was working.

Bob laughed and dropped his hands.

"You're a crawling worm, all right," he said. "Get up. I promise not to hit you. There's Buck waiting for you," pointing to that rascal, who had paused in his flight, finding himself not pursued, and now stood shamefacedly at a little distance. "Join him quickly before I forget my promise."

Croy did as he was told and slunk away to where Buck was standing. The pair spared no time in hurrying down the street together, where they were swallowed up in the darkness.

Bob shook himself, straightened his tie, and resumed his journey, chuckling to himself as he went along. Both of his assailants were as old and big as he was, but they were flabby and dissipated, while Bob's splendid vitality and prime physical condition had stood him in good stead. He had a lump on his cheekbone where one of Croy's blows had landed, but otherwise bore no marks of the combat.

He reached his room at the hotel to find his comrades waiting for him.

"Here he is!" cried Jimmy, as they made a rush toward him.

"Missed you in the crowd!" exclaimed Joe. "Been wondering where—but what's the matter

with your cheek?" he cried, as he noted the swelling.

"Just a little love tap," and Bob grinned. "An affectionate memento from Buck Looker or Nat Croy, I'm not sure which."

"Do you mean you've been fighting with those skunks?" ejaculated Jimmy.

"Something like that," replied Bob. "They tackled me in a lonely street and tried to do me up."

Then in response to the torrent of questions hurled at him he gave in detail the story of that short but lively fight.

"And you licked them both!" exclaimed Jimmy, in admiration.

"I'd have given a lot to see Croy when Buck's fist missed you and soaked him in the face," grinned Joe.

"That mistake was made just at the right time," chuckled Bob. "It helped me to wrench myself loose from Croy."

"Those fellows are dead game sports!" snorted Herb. "One of them holding your arms while the other slammed you!"

"They're the pink of chivalry," pronounced Bob. "Gallant foes and all that sort of thing. But now let's go down and pack away the eats. I want to get the bad taste of those fellows out of my mouth."

They feasted bounteously, Jimmy especially upholding his reputation.

"May be the last supper I'll enjoy for some time," he explained, "and I want to make the most of it. To-morrow night we'll be on the bounding deep and food may have no charms."

"That would be a tragedy for you, Jimmy," remarked Herb. "You'd rather lose your mind than your appetite. Let's hope you'll be a better sailor than you fear you are."

They slept well, but were up bright and early the next morning and were on the vessel a full hour before the time for sailing. The day was beautiful and the spirits of the Radio Boys were at the highest pitch.

As they were going up the gangplank, Joe gave Bob a nudge in the ribs.

"There's Buck," he whispered, "up there by the rail at the right."

As Bob looked he caught sight of another figure that had just joined Buck. He looked more closely to make sure he was not mistaken.

The second figure was that of Nat Croy!

CHAPTER IX

PLOUGHING THE PACIFIC

Bob Layton and Joe Atwood stared at each other in amazement.

"Nat Croy!" exclaimed Joe. "I thought we had seen the last of that rat. Is it possible he's going with us to Hawaii?"

"Looks like it," responded Bob. "Perhaps, though, he's just come to see Buck off. Let's hope for the best."

They reached the upper deck, and on the way to their stateroom passed close by Buck and Croy. In the eyes of the bullies as they glanced at the Radio Boys was bitter hate. On Bob especially those eyes launched their venom.

"How they love you, Bob," grinned Joe, as he noted the malevolence of the glances.

"Just dote on me," admitted Bob. "Can you wonder?"

"Buck certainly is a sight," chuckled Jimmy. "That nose of his is twice as big as usual. Gee, but it is swelled up!"

"See that black eye of Croy's?" queried Herb. "They sure were monkeying with a buzzsaw yesterday."

The boys found their stateroom, which delighted them with its comfort and location. There they bestowed their belongings and then went out on deck to watch the animated scenes attending the departure of the vessel.

The pier was full of bustle and last moment activity. Taxicabs were whirling onto the wharf and discharging their passengers. Friends and relatives, mothers, fathers, sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, sweethearts, were employing the few minutes that were left in words of counsel and affection. There were tears and smiles in plenty and a general impression of breathlessness.

Above the hubbub came the sounds of the ship's bell, warning all non-travelers to go ashore. There was a hurried scampering as the summons was obeyed. Then the gangplank was pulled in, the ropes cast off, and the splendid vessel moved off majestically. Once in the bay she turned her nose toward the Pacific and the voyage had begun.

"We're off!" breathed Bob.

"On a long, long journey," added Joe.

"Good-by to the U. S. A.!" exclaimed Herb, more moved that he would be willing to allow.

"You must have forgotten that Old Glory waves over Hawaii just as it does over the United States," put in Joe.

They passed through the Golden Gate, where the sea lions seemed to be bellowing a farewell, and out into the open reaches where only the sea stretched in front of them blending with the far distant horizon. The bell rang in the engine room signaling full speed ahead, and the *Golden West* responded like a gallant steed when its rider loosens the reins.

The skyline of San Francisco faded from view and all about them was nothing but the surging waste of waters.

The Radio Boys had had but time to exchange a hurried greeting with Mr. Holcombe, but when the steamer was fairly under way that gentleman gathered all his charges together in a remote corner of the upper deck.

"I'm not going to make a speech," he told them, with his disarming smile. "Just going to introduce you boys and young men to each other. You've got to be comrades for a long while now, and you might as well get on chummy terms with each other at once."

The Radio Boys looked with interest on the other prize winners as they were introduced. With the exception of Buck Looker, they had not met any of them before.

They seemed to be a fine lot, and the Radio Boys liked them at sight. They represented widely separated parts of the country. There was Tom Spangler from Kansas, tall and muscular, with a thatch of red hair; Ed Wilson from Georgia, rather sallow in complexion and with a Southern drawl; Bill Oliver from Maine, of fair complexion and strongly built; Al Morton from Oregon, stocky and ruddy-faced, and Fred Allenby of Kentucky, lanky and good-natured. The other prize winners were older and consequently more settled in their ways.

Buck was introduced with the rest and acknowledged the introductions in the usual form. But geniality was not natural to him and he took little part in the conversation that ensued. Perhaps his swollen nose made him more self-conscious than usual. He listened abstractedly, answered briefly when questions were put to him, and as soon as he could without attracting too much attention slipped away from the group and rejoined Nat Croy.

There was no lack of things to talk about by the rest of the party. All of them vital, eager, surging with life, their joy in living sought expression. And if every other topic failed, there was the inexhaustible one of radio. That was the magic touch that made them all kin. They compared the principles they had used in the

hook-ups that had won the prizes and each found something to admire or wonder at in the work of the others. By the time they separated many were on the footing of old acquaintances.

"I can see where we're going to have a cracking good time on this voyage," remarked Herb to his chums, as they went to their stateroom to get ready for luncheon. "All these new boys seem to be regular fellows."

"Right you are," agreed Bob. "There's one thing I'm mighty glad of, and that is that Croy wasn't in the bunch. When I saw him on the boat I thought he might be one of the prize winners."

"What he knows about radio, I imagine, is just about what Buck knows," hazarded Jimmy.

"And that is exactly nothing," put in Joe. "Gee, what will Buck do when he stacks up against one of the new fellows and they begin to talk to him about hook-ups? They'll see in a minute that he's a dub."

"He'll probably tell them that he has a toothache or something and doesn't feel like talking," grinned Bob. "He'll stick to Croy as a drowning man holds on to a plank. There's one fellow he doesn't have to pretend with."

The wind had freshened now, and the vessel was pitching considerably. The boys made

short work of their brushing up, as they were eager to get to the table.

All except Jimmy. That young gentleman, usually in the van on such occasions, now showed an unusual languor in his movements. His rubicund face had lost something of its color.

"Hurry up, Jimmy," urged Herb. "Your hair is slick enough. Come along."

But Jimmy still lingered.

"You fellows go ahead," he said. "I'll be along before you're fairly settled at the table."

Bob looked at him keenly.

"I'll bet you're seasick," he volunteered.

"I am not!" denied Jimmy stoutly. "Only I had a pretty big breakfast and——"

"Try something better than that," put in Herb. "You never made that excuse before."

"All right, boys," said Jimmy valiantly, "I'm with you."

But he was not with them long. Scarcely had the first course been served before Jimmy rose hastily from the table.

"Where are you going?" asked Joe.

"To the cabin," gulped Jimmy. "Something there I forgot——"

He said no more, but vanished with an alacrity that was astonishing in one of his short legs.

His comrades looked at each other. They

tried to keep their faces sober, but it was of no use.

"Poor old Jimmy!" gurgled Herb. "I'm afraid it's all up with him."

"Something's up," grinned Joe. "Let's hope that he got to the rail in time."

"Jimmy'll never forgive himself for having missed a meal," observed Bob. "I'm awfully sorry for the old boy just the same."

He hurried through his meal before the others and hastened to the stateroom.

There lay Jimmy, his face a sickly yellowish green, tossing about on his bunk and groaning terribly. A steward was in attendance.

"Too bad, old scout," said Bob, as he patted his friend's shoulder. "I'll go and get the doctor."

"Make it the undertaker," groaned Jimmy.

Bob stifled a laugh.

"Not afraid you're going to die, are you?" he asked.

"I'm afraid I won't," replied Jimmy.

CHAPTER X

THE DIVE FROM THE RAIL

THE steward had caught the pessimistic statement of Jimmy Plummer's and he came as near to winking at Bob as respect for his passenger would allow.

"You'll be all right in a little while," he said to Jimmy. "Bless you, you're not half as bad as some of the passengers. There are some in their berths now that won't be out of bed until we come in sight of Diamond Head. But they're usually the middle-aged and elderly ones. Younger folks get over it sooner, and you'll probably be up and around by to-morrow."

The steward went out and Bob occupied himself in ministering to Jimmy, turning his pillows and trying to make him comfortable.

"Wouldn't you like to have me read you something, old boy?" he asked.

"Nothing except 'Meditations on Death,'" replied the invalid.

"I don't think that's in the ship's library," re-

turned Bob, trying to keep his face straight.

"Who's this talking about death?" asked Herb breezily, as he and Joe came into the room. "That's no talk for hardy sailors."

"Is it as bad as all that, Doughnuts?" inquired Joe.

"If you call me by that name again I'll slug you," vociferated Jimmy. "I never want to see one again as long as I live!"

"There, there," soothed Joe. "I'll be careful, Dough—Jimmy," he hastily corrected himself. "Honestly, old boy, it's a tough deal that you should have this while the rest of us go scot free. Here's Bob and Herb and myself feeling like fighting cocks—why, what's the matter, Herb?" he asked, as the complacent grin on Herb's face suddenly suffered an eclipse and was replaced by a look of unmistakable anxiety.

"A little dizziness," replied Herb. "It'll pass over, I guess, in a minute. Something I ate at lunch perhaps has disagreed with me."

Jimmy cocked one eye open with a sudden revival of interest in life.

"Don't tell me that a hardy sailor like you is going to be seasick!" he said in a tone from which regret was strangely absent.

"Nothing like that, of course!" Herb waved the matter airily aside. "But I'm kind of tired

and I guess I'll lie down for a while. I feel sort of all gone like."

For the rest of that day and part of the next Herb and Jimmy lost all interest in life. But on the afternoon of the second day they were able to come on deck, and the morning after that they were themselves again.

The weather continued fair and there was every prospect of the *Golden West* reaching Honolulu without encountering one of the frequent storms that vex the waters of the ocean so misleadingly called the Pacific.

It was not long before the Radio Boys had ransacked every part of the vessel that was open to passengers. The engine room had its fascinations, but these were outdone by the wireless room to which the boys gravitated as though by instinct.

The chief radio operator was a stalwart young fellow named Sam Canfield. Besides being a master of his art, he was genial and companionable, and seldom too busy to answer the questions that were put to him by the young devotees of the wonderful science.

"Don't mention it," he said to Bob, when the latter suggested that they might be bothering him. "I get so many fool questions from passengers that don't know the first thing about radio

that it's a treat to come across those who know what they are talking about."

His equipment was a powerful one capable of sending a message for several thousand miles.

"Many a time it has been instrumental in saving lives," Sam remarked in answer to a question. "Only two trips ago we got an SOS call from a tanker that told us she was sinking. It was at night and she was about eighty miles away. We put on all speed for the latitude and longitude she gave us and got there just in time. Another half hour and it would have been too late. As it was, we saved the whole crew of twenty-four. And just as we were taking the last boatload on board she heeled over and went to the bottom."

"Some different from the old days when the only chance was that a vessel might heave in sight just by accident," remarked Bob.

"You bet," returned Sam. "I don't know what the exact figures are, but I'd be willing to wager that at least ten thousand lives have been saved since the invention of radio that would otherwise have been lost."

"I'd be willing to double those figures," put in Joe. "Just think of the number of times, fellows, that our programs have been cut off because of an SOS."

"The radio saves life in other ways, too," went

on Sam. "Only a little while ago we got a message from a small freighter that didn't carry a doctor. Half her crew was down with a malignant type of fever. The skipper had done all he could, but couldn't get the better of it. Our doctor here got in touch with the captain, diagnosed the trouble and told the captain just what to do. A little while later we learned that the ship had got safe to port and that all the men had recovered.

"At another time we heard from a vessel where a seaman had fallen from a mast and smashed his arm so badly that it had to be amputated. If they had waited until they got to port, gangrene would have set in and the man would have died. We made for the ship and our doctor went on board and performed the operation. We heard afterward that the man had got well. Oh, I tell you there's nothing like radio.

"In less important ways, radio is on the job," he went on. "There's a business man on board just now, head of a big corporation. He talks to his office every day, keeps his hands right on the pulse of things, give orders and receives information as to the way matters are going. Only yesterday he gave orders to close a big deal that ran up into the millions.

"On the last trip from Hawaii a woman came to me when we were a full day out. She had just

remembered that she had left the water running in the bathtub and couldn't recall whether the plug was in the tub or not. Feared her whole house would be ruined. I sent a message to the agent and he went up to the house and turned off the water. It was running all right, but luckily the plug wasn't in and no harm was done. But it set her mind at rest, when otherwise she would have been in perfect misery all through the trip. A little thing, perhaps, but not to her.

"Then too," Sam went on, with a grin, "I'm first aid to the lovelorn. After a lover's quarrel many a broken heart has been mended by radio. He wirelesses for forgiveness; she answers that she was the one at fault. So everything is all right. I feel sometimes that I'm Cupid."

The boys laughed, and as the captain came in just then they strolled away.

"Radio sure is a wonderful thing," said Bill Oliver, "but there are some to whom it doesn't seem so good. Take my dad for instance. He's dead sore at it."

"How's that?" asked Jimmy.

"Because it's hurt his business," replied Bill. "You see he's the watchmaker in our town. Since radio came in he hasn't sold half as many clocks as he used to, and the repair business is on the blink."

"I don't exactly see," said Herb in a puzzled tone.

"It's this way," explained Bill. "The folks have radio sets in their home and they get the exact time in the morning, at noon, at night and lots of other times through the day. So the old clock does for them, even if it doesn't keep good time. They can see just how fast or slow it is by the radio. Why throw it into the junk heap and get a new one? Why even take the trouble to get it fixed? They figure it's just throwing away money."

"It hit my father too," put in Fred Allenby. "He dealt in phonographs. Instruments and records were in big demand. Then the radio came in and the phonograph business went flooey. Why buy records when you could hear the same singers or others just the same over the radio? Why turn on the phonograph and hear the same thing over and over again when you can hear something new without costing a cent? Dad was wise, though, and got from under. Now he's dealing in radio equipment."

"What Bill said about clocks reminded me of other timekeepers, two-legged ones that have been put out of business by the radio," said Bob. "It seems that in the Lancashire district in England the weavers couldn't depend on their old

clocks and clubbed together to get a fellow who would go up and down the village streets banging a big pole on the door to tell them it was time to get up. Now the radio does the work and the bangers are out of a job."

Late that afternoon when his comrades were engaged in conversation with their new acquaintances, Bob Layton strolled along the upper deck toward the stern of the vessel.

He was standing with his head bared to the refreshing breeze when his attention was drawn to a youngster about ten years old, who was standing near the rail at a little distance.

Looking for diversion and stirred by a longing for adventure, perhaps, the little chap suddenly climbed up and put himself astride the rail.

It was dangerous, and Bob started toward him to take him down.

The youngster saw him coming and with an impish impulse toward bravado lifted his hands and clasped them above his head.

At that instant the vessel gave a lurch. It threw the boy off balance. He clutched wildly at the rail and missed it and fell into the sea.

Like a flash Bob leaped on the rail and dived after him!

CHAPTER XI

THE UNDERSEA PIRATE

LIKE an arrow, Bob Layton clove the water and went down. He had dived from so great a height that the impetus carried him to a great depth. It seemed as though he never would begin his upward ascent.

But he did at last rise to the surface, and, shaking the water from his eyes, looked about him.

From the ship rose a great clamor that told him of consternation and horror. But he paid no attention to that. All his being was concentrated in the anguished gaze with which he swept the water.

For a few seconds he could perceive nothing. Then on the crest of a wave he caught sight of a small hand that almost immediately disappeared.

He struck out in that direction, his heart in a tumult. The chances were about even that the lad would know how to swim. But even if he could, the shock of the fall and his fright would probably rob him of all power to keep afloat.

Once more Bob caught a glimpse of that arm. He dived toward it.

In the green waters he could see a vague form going down, down perhaps for the last time. Bob reached out frantically. He missed the arm, but got a clutch on the jacket that swayed out beyond the body.

The waves sought to loosen his clutch, but he held on with desperation. Then he fought his way upward until he reached the surface.

He lifted the lad's head above the water. One glance at the white face told him that the boy had lost consciousness.

Bob was rather glad of that, for it made his work easier. There would be no frantic struggles to balk his efforts.

Some distance ahead he saw the vessel that had reversed speed only a moment after the shrieks and shouts of the passengers had given warning of the tragedy that impended. But its momentum was such that it was carried a long way before it could be stopped.

Bob saw that a boat was being lowered with frantic haste and that men were tumbling into it and seizing the oars. His heart rejoiced. He was thankful that this had not occurred at night. There was plenty of daylight left and the rescuers would have no trouble in finding him and his charge.

He had put one of the lad's limp arms about his neck. He himself was swimming toward the boat with long leisurely strokes in order to preserve his strength. He had no trepidation for himself. He knew that by floating or treading water he could keep afloat for hours, if need be. His only anxiety was for his helpless burden. Every minute counted before he could be placed under the doctor's care.

He looked again toward the rescuing boat and saw that it was appreciably nearer.

Then he heard a shout from the officer in charge of the boat that might have been one of encouragement but sounded strangely like one of horror. He half leaped from his seat in the stern and yelled something to his men that seemed to inspire them to still greater efforts.

Bob glanced back over his shoulder, and with a fearful shock he realized the meaning of that shout!

Some distance back of him, but heading in his direction and coming along with the speed of an express train, a sharp, black fin was cutting the surface of the water!

Bob knew what that fin meant. He knew what lay beneath it. The long gray body, the frightful head of a shark, the hideous jaws armed with teeth that could cut his body in two as neatly as a pair of giant shears!

For one brief instant his heart stood still. Then, summoning all his resources of courage, of speed, of muscles, he quickly lunged forward and swam toward the oncoming boat with all his might.

The boat was nearer now, cutting the water like an arrow. But the shark, too, was coming at a frightful speed. Which would win?

If Bob had been unencumbered, he could undoubtedly have made it, for he could swim like a fish. But laden as he was, he felt as though he were in the clutch of a nightmare.

Nearer and nearer came the boat, nearer and nearer came the shark. Bob did not dare to look behind to find how near. But already he could hear the hiss of that black fin as it tore through the water, throwing spray on each side of it.

A sharp command of the officer in the boat, and it swerved just enough to intervene between the shark and its intended victims. The nose of the monster bumped against the boat. Disconcerted for a moment, it recoiled and then dived to reach the other side. But that moment had sufficed for brawny arms to reach down and swing Bob and the lad over the gunwale of the boat and lay them athwart two of the seats, where Bob lay panting and gasping, his overtaxed heart beating like a triphammer.

The baffled monster swam about the boat, its

fierce eyes seeming to glow with rage at the escape of its quarry.

"A terribly close shave!" exclaimed the officer in charge of the boat, as he laid his hand admiringly on Bob's shoulder. "One second more and you'd have been done for. My, but you're a plucky one! How are you feeling?"

"I'm all right," panted Bob. "And I'm mighty grateful to you and your men. Don't pay any attention to me. Look after the little chap."

The officer and one of his men rolled the lad over one of the seats and applied other first aid devices, with the result that the worst effects of his submersion were nullified before the boat reached the steamer's side.

The lad's mother, a Mrs. Van Alstyne, a widow, who had been frantic with terror, received her son with relief and delight beyond all words. The doctor took charge of him at once, and the overjoyed mother threw her arms about Bob's neck and kissed him, a proceeding that made that gallant youth flame red with embarrassment. All the way to his stateroom, where he hastened to change his wet clothes, he had to run the gauntlet of the mob of passengers who sought to touch him and grasp his hand.

"Lay off, fellows," he protested when in the privacy of the stateroom his chums fairly hugged him in their delight. "Give me a chance to get

some dry clothes on. That water was awfully wet," he added, with a grin.

"Gee, Bob, you were splendid!" exclaimed Joe.

"Nerviest thing I ever saw in my life," declared Jimmy.

"Not one in a thousand would have done it," asseverated Herb.

"Nonsense!" protested Bob. "I just happened to be closest to the youngster, that's all. The sea was smooth, it was daylight, and it was no trick at all to keep afloat until a boat could reach me."

"But the shark nearly reached you first," observed Jimmy, with a shudder.

"He was a little too close for comfort," admitted Bob. "If those fellows hadn't shoved the boat between us and his nibs it would have been all up. Gee, you ought to have seen that fellow when he missed us! What he said to himself in the shark language wouldn't be fit for publication."

For the rest of the trip, Bob, as the captain laughingly complained, "owned the ship." Sam Canfield had wirelessed the story to the American press, and it can be imagined what pride Clintonia felt in the gallant exploit of one of its sons.

But that same exploit had utterly spoiled the trip for Buck Looker and Nat Croy. They went about with sullen and gloomy faces. It was gall

and wormwood for them to see the admiration in which their hated foe was held by all the ship's company.

"I'll bet they were rooting for the shark to win," grinned Jimmy to his chums, as he nodded in the direction of the disgruntled pair.

"I wouldn't go as far as that," laughed Joe. "But I'll bet they wished that the shark would at least nip off one of Bob's toes. It's maddening to them that he got off scot free."

Just then a shout from the ship's forward decks sent the eyes of the boys in that direction.

CHAPTER XII

LAND HO

"LAND! Land!" came the cry from a hundred throats.

The Radio Boys rushed up to the bow, where a host of others had crowded. There, sure enough, was a tiny dot in the distance that grew ever more distinct as the vessel ploughed onward.

Bob rushed to the cabin and got the field glasses. They were passed from hand to hand as the boys in turn studied the dim blur that represented for the moment the "summer isle of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea."

"That must be Diamond Head," conjectured Jimmy, referring to a promontory that seemed slowly rising out of the sea.

"Yes, and it represents the entrance to the harbor of Honolulu," replied Bob. "Once the other side of that, and the journey is over."

"I'm half sorry, too," said Herb, with a tinc-

ture of regret in his tone. "I could go on sailing like this forever. We've had the dandiest kind of trip."

"It won't be long before we have it all over again," Joe reminded him. "As for me, I'll be glad to get my land legs again. And think of the thousand things we'll have to see, fellows, in the next three weeks!"

The boys hurried to their stateroom and packed up their belongings. Then they went on deck again and spent the next hour in saying good-by to the many pleasant acquaintances they had made during the trip.

Nobody was more cordial than Mrs. Van Alstyne. She was the widow of a wealthy sugar planter and the owner of a magnificent estate about twenty miles from Honolulu.

"I can never forget what you have done for me," she said feelingly to Bob. "You have saved for me all that makes life worth living. I should be delighted if you and your friends could come and make me a visit during your stay on the islands. So would you, wouldn't you, Clive?" she asked, turning to the lad that Bob had rescued.

"You bet I would!" answered Clive, with an emphasis that made Bob smile.

"He thinks you're the greatest person he ever met," the mother continued, "and he has good

reason to feel that way. Say that you'll come to see us."

"It's awfully good of you," replied Bob. "I should be delighted to accept and I'm sure my friends would, too. But of course we're under the direction of Mr. Holcombe, and I don't know yet what his plans are. But if I can possibly arrange it, I will."

Mr. Holcombe gathered his charges together for a brief conference before they landed.

"Now remember," he said, "there's no stiff and starched program for your entertainment during your three weeks' stay in Hawaii. We'll all have our headquarters at the Palace Hotel and I'll keep a general oversight over your comings and goings. There are some things you oughtn't to miss, such as the Punch Bowl and the Volcano of Kilauea and that of Haleakala. We'll have boats and automobiles at our disposal and we'll go to these places in a party. Outside of these few main trips, you'll be free to go where and when you like, provided you submit your plans to me in advance. You can go alone or in groups, just as your fancy dictates. I depend upon you to use good judgment and to do nothing rash or too venturesome. You've been confided to my care and I'm responsible for your safety. But within the limits I've indicated, you're your own masters."

This sounded elastic enough, and the Radio Boys were delighted. There had been an undercurrent of feeling that perhaps they would be treated like so many schoolboys and held under so strict a supervision that all initiative would be stifled. Now they were put on their honor but at the same time were permitted to consult their own individual tastes to as large a degree as was safe and wholesome.

They rounded Diamond Head and sailed into the beautiful harbor of Honolulu. The first glimpse of the place equaled all their anticipations. The city gleamed in the Hawaiian sunshine like a diamond with many facets, from each of which it radiated charm and beauty.

It was a mixture of the East and West with a dash of the tropics. Lovely villas and cottages were half-hidden by masses of gorgeous flowers. Magnificent automobile roads stretched like gleaming white ribbons through avenues of trees aflame with scarlet blossoms, past palm-fringed beaches and green seas of sugar cane. On one side stretched the deep blue of the Pacific and on the other ranged the island mountains, enveloped in golden haze. It was beauty that flamed and blazed and thrilled—something the like of which exists in no other part of the world.

In the business section of the city the stores were as handsome and well-kept as in any up-to-

date American city. Most of the names over the doors, too, were American, and this gave the boys a not unpleasing sense of homeliness. They rejoiced that this gem of the Pacific was under their country's flag—one of Uncle Sam's far flung island possessions.

"I guess America made no mistake when she took over the islands," remarked Bob to Mr. Holcombe, who was riding in the same automobile as the four Radio Boys.

"No, indeed," responded Mr. Holcombe. "We've had it now for about thirty years, and the union has been a good thing for all concerned. It's given us a valuable naval and airplane base whose value cannot be overestimated. It hasn't cost us anything, either, for the islands are self-supporting and in addition pay millions of dollars annually into the United States Treasury. And it has brought order, peace, prosperity, and happiness to the people of the islands.

"It's interesting," he went on, "to see just how the thing began. It's over a hundred years since seven missionaries from New England came out here with their families. The king at that time —Kamehameha the second—welcomed the missionaries cordially and so did his five wives."

"Only five?" murmured Jimmy.

"That's all," smiled Mr. Holcombe. "One of the first converts the missionaries made was a

six-foot tall Princess, Kapiolani. She proved a valuable help to the missionaries. The natives at that time worshiped the goddess Pele. Kapiolani determined to show her people that Pele had no real power. So she journeyed with a host of them to the volcano of Kilauea and gathered some of the berries growing on the edge of the crater that were held sacred to Pele. She picked a bunch of these and threw them into the crater, at the same time defying the goddess to avenge the insult. The terror-filled natives expected to see her struck dead. But nothing happened, and so at least a third of the population thought it would be better to worship the Christians' God."

A short ride brought the party to the Palace Hotel, where rooms had been engaged in advance. It was a thoroughly modern structure with every appliance for comfort and a good deal of luxury.

The boys found their rooms capacious and airy, cooled by the northeast trade winds that blow over the islands ten months in the year and moderate the heat of the sun. They took a shower and dressed in the cool raiment they had bought especially for their stay in Hawaii.

It was too early for the evening meal and yet too late to start out for any long excursion. So the Radio Boys sauntered out into the streets and made their way to the post-office to mail the let-

ters home that they had already written on shipboard.

They were impressed by the cosmopolitan character of the people who thronged the streets. Almost every nation of Europe was represented. There were yellows and browns of every shade from Japan, China, the Philippines and all the Asiatic archipelagos.

How varied were the racial strains was shown by the signs in the post-office windows in five languages—English, Japanese, Portuguese, Chinese and Hawaiian.

"Talk about a melting pot!" remarked Bob. "It's the same here as in the United States, only on a much smaller and more condensed scale."

The boys were impressed, too, by the fact that although a lot of work was being done, a holiday air seemed to overspread everything. This was due no doubt, in part, to the large number of tourists who had nothing to do but amuse themselves. But it was also true of a large part of the resident population, that it seemed to have plenty of leisure.

The beaches were thronged with pleasure-seekers. Here the Radio Boys witnessed the thrilling sport of surf-boarding. On the long rollers that broke on a coral reef three-quarters of a mile from shore, slim, straight Hawaiian youths came riding in on their boards as unconcernedly

as a skilled jockey astride of his horse. The riders might have been of bronze, as they adjusted themselves to every move of their precarious platform.

"Think you could do that, Doughnuts?" asked Herb, with a grin.

"Do it?" replied that flippant youth. "I could do it standing on my head."

"That's where you would be most of the time," declared Joe. "It's a safe bet you wouldn't keep standing on your feet."

Other less daring pleasure-seekers found thrills enough in riding the surf in outrigger canoes. Others disported themselves in the water, which was dotted with the heads of swimmers, some of them miles out from shore.

It was a lively scene, and the boys promised themselves a lot of fun in all these varied diversions. They were tempted to go in for a swim right then and there, but Bob's glance at his watch told him there would not be time before dinner, and they reluctantly left the beach and made their way to the hotel.

CHAPTER XIII

AN EARTHLY PARADISE

SITTING on the veranda of the hotel that evening after a most excellent meal, Mr. Holcombe explained his plan for the next day.

"I have planned," he said, "for an auto ride up to the Punch Bowl."

"Sounds rather bad," laughed Bob. "Remember that our country is under prohibition."

Mr. Holcombe smiled.

"And a good thing, too," he said. "But there's nothing moist in this Punch Bowl, which, by the way, is large enough to hold all the drink of all the nations, although at one time it was drenched in blood."

"How come?" asked Jimmy.

"The story is," replied Mr. Holcombe, "that when Kamehameha the First conquered the king of Oahu he drove three thousand of his captives up to the top and then over the precipice into the valley below."

A shudder ran through the group.

"That was murder on a wholesale scale!" exclaimed Bob.

"Of course it was murder," agreed Mr. Holcombe. "But the old benighted heathen didn't call it that. To him it was a just punishment of those who had dared to defy his power.

"But that was long ago, and to-day there's no more peaceful spot, one less disturbed by crime or violence, than Hawaii. I thought we'd run up to the Punch Bowl in the morning. Then in the afternoon we can go over to Pearl Harbor and visit the great drydock and the fortifications that are making Hawaii Uncle Sam's Gibraltar in the Pacific. We'll take in the big radio station, too."

"Fine!" observed Joe. "It ought to be a big day. Providing the weather is clear."

"That's one thing we don't have to take into consideration in this favored spot," replied Mr. Holcombe. "It's almost invariably fine. Well, that's settled then. Later on, when we've done this island of Oahu, we'll take in some of the others; Kauai, perhaps, that the natives call the 'Garden Isle'; the island of Hawaii that gives its name to the entire group, where we'll find the valcano of Kilauea with its lake of fire and brimstone; Maui, with its extinct volcano of Haleakala, on the crater floor of which is room for the whole city of Chicago."

"Gee, how many islands are there in the group?" asked Herb.

"Scores of them," was the reply. "From one end of the archipelago to the other is about fifteen hundred miles. But only eight of the islands are inhabited. The great majority are barren rocks or mere dots lifting themselves from the surface of the ocean. The biggest population is right here on this island of Oahu. There's one island of the group that I don't think you'd care to visit."

"What's that?" asked Joe.

"Molokai," replied Mr. Holcombe, and waited significantly.

"Oh!" exclaimed Bob Layton. "The island of the lepers!"

"Yes," replied Mr. Holcombe, "one of the saddest places on the face of the earth."

"I should say so!" ejaculated Bill Oliver, with a shiver. "No, I guess we'll pass that up. I went through an insane asylum once and it left me gloomy for a month. I imagine this would be worse yet."

"How many of the poor fellows are there?" asked Jimmy.

"Between four and five hundred," replied Mr. Holcombe. "The government is taking the tenderest care of them and giving them every comfort possible."

They sat for some time longer, chatting, and then retired so as to rise early on the morrow.

"By the way," said Herb, as they were undressing, "what about that letter of introduction Dr. Dale gave us to Commodore Rowland?"

"Sure enough," replied Bob. "To tell the truth, I haven't thought of it since we got ashore. I've got the letter somewhere in my trunk. I'll get it out and we'll go and call on him as soon as we get a chance."

"Dr. Dale said that he was a good old skate," remarked Jimmy.

"Are you sure that's just the way Dr. Dale put it?" asked Herb.

"Well, not exactly," grinned Jimmy. "I think he said he was a fine gentleman and had been a distinguished officer in the United States Navy. It seems he's retired now from the service and has a handsome home here in Honolulu."

"I remember that the doctor said, too, that the commodore had a speedy yacht that he cruised about in a good deal," put in Joe. "Perhaps that will come in handy, if he's good enough to ask us to take a trip with him."

The next morning the whole party drove up in autos for a view of the Punch Bowl. It was a glorious morning, and the boys were in high fettle. Their eyes eagerly drank in the beauty that was spread all about them. The road wound

through the Nuuanu Valley, and on each side were magnificent estates of wealthy planters, with handsome villas embowered in a perfect fairyland of tropical foliage.

They passed a superb golf links that in the perfection of its appointments could challenge any they had ever seen at home. A little further on was the mausoleum in which the ancient kings of the island were entombed.

When they came near the top of the incline they climbed out of the cars and went out to the precipice that rimmed the bowl. The panorama they saw nearly took their breath away.

Far beneath them lay vast sugar and pineapple plantations, the former of deep green and the latter of a greenish gray. These stretched to the silver surf of the Pacific that broke upon the beaches. Here and there the landscape was dotted with volcanic hills of various sizes, and shredding up to the sky were smoke threads from sugar mills. Away off in the distance rose the tower of the powerful radio station that kept the islands in touch with the United States and the continent of Asia.

"Just like one great garden," breathed Bob.

"That's just what it is, the garden spot of the world," replied Mr. Holcombe. "All you have to do is to tickle the soil with the hoe and it laughs. Sugar is king here, just as cotton used

to be in our own Southern States. Hawaii produces more tons of sugar to the acre than any other place in the world except Java. Sugar cane used to grow wild here before the Europeans and Americans came, and the natives used it for an offering to their gods, especially to Mano, the shark.

"The shark must have had a sweet tooth," observed Jimmy.

"Or teeth," laughed Bill Oliver. "It must have taken a lot of sugar to satisfy that mouthful of ivory."

"Bob thinks they're fonder of meat than they are of sugar," put in Herb.

"The one I saw the other day gave me that impression," declared Bob.

"So this is where those three thousand poor fellows were driven over the cliff," murmured Jimmy, as he measured the distance that lay between the brink and the valley beneath. "Gee, that was a terrible fall!"

Later, when the party had come down from their magnificent post of observation, they rode for miles with great fields of cane on each side of them. They were rich beyond description.

"All the more remarkable," observed Mr. Holcombe, "because all this rich soil was once volcanic lava. For the Hawaiian Islands, you know, are all fireborn. They were thrown up from the

bottom of the sea at some far distant time in history and at that time the whole landscape must have been enveloped in smoke and flame. But gradually, as it cooled, the lava decomposed and formed one of the most fertile of soils in which things grow as though touched by a magic wand."

In the afternoon the prize winners went over to the great drydock at Pearl Harbor and studied the many ways in which the island was being made impregnable against any attack from the side of Asia. Later they drove over to the great aviation camp at Wheeler Field, where the flyers from San Francisco had completed their memorable flight. What interested the boys more than anything else was the great radio station, with its gigantic feelers and enormous dynamos that made it possible for the naval authorities to keep in touch with every cruiser and battleship on the Pacific as well as with the Navy Department in Washington.

"Some station, I'll say," was Bob's comment.

"Gee, I'd like trying to send a message here," sighed Herb.

"Nothing doing," returned Jimmy. "Only government officials on the job here."

CHAPTER XIV

BAD NEWS

THE Radio Boys had not forgotten the letter of introduction given to them by Dr. Dale.

"Let's hunt up this Commodore Rowland and see what he is like," suggested Bob, after a delightful hour of bathing at Waikiki Beach.

"Sure thing," answered Jimmy.

The house was a large and finely appointed one located in center of handsome grounds that bespoke the wealth and position of the owner.

They found the commodore in his library, where he was looking over the morning's letters. He rose cordially to meet them and invited them to be seated.

Bob introduced the others and himself, handed Dr. Dale's letter to him, and while he read it the Radio Boys had a chance to study their new acquaintance.

He was a tall, robust man in his sixties, with whom life seemed to have agreed. There was an air of command about him that spoke of his ex-

perience in the navy. His features were finely chiseled, his nose aquiline, his eyes keen, yet genial and the only apparent sign of age upon him was the grizzled hair at his temples.

He laid the letter down and smiled upon them in the friendliest fashion.

"I'm delighted to meet you, boys, and I hope I'll see a lot of you while you're on the islands," he said. "I wouldn't dare to tell you what Dr. Dale says about you in the letter for fear of making you conceited," he laughed. "The doctor is one of my dearest friends, and any one that he sponsors can't help being all right. How long do you plan to stay in the islands?"

"About three weeks," answered Bob, and went on to name the circumstances that had given rise to the trip and the conditions attached to it.

"I wish it were three months," said the commodore. "That wouldn't prove a bit too long to see all there is to see. The only trouble is, if you stayed that long, you'd never want to go back. It's the hardest place in the world to tear yourselves away from."

"So we heard before we came," replied Herb; "and the more we see of it the more we know it's true."

"I wonder how you boys would like to take a little trip with me to some of the other islands," remarked the commodore. "I have a trim little

yacht that has plenty of accommodations for half a dozen or more, and I'd be glad to have a boatful of lively boys as guests. It would help me feel that I was renewing my youth."

"That would be great!" responded Bob. "It's awfully good of you to make the offer. We'll all be mighty glad to go."

"Fine!" replied the commodore. He glanced again at the letter of introduction. "I see the doctor mentions five of you as coming from Clintonia. The other one doesn't happen to be with you."

"No," replied Bob, with a swift glance at his companions. "He's at the hotel."

"Well, he's included in the invitation, of course," remarked the commodore. "And there will be room for one more, too, or possibly two on a pinch. I'll see that the yacht is provisioned for a little cruise and she'll be ready day after to-morrow. How will that suit you?"

"Dandy!" replied Bob, and his companions shook their heads vigorously in the affirmative.

"All right, then," said their host. "At the steamboat pier day after to-morrow at about nine in the morning."

They chatted for a few minutes longer and then, with repeated expressions of thanks, the Radio Boys took their leave.

"He's a prince, isn't he?" remarked Bob, as

they passed down the winding path to the entrance of the estate.

"He's everything that Dr. Dale said he was," declared Joe.

"Days at a time in a private yacht!" jubilated Herb. "I guess we're in bad, eh, fellows?"

"And I bet the eats will be good, too," put in Jimmy. "That won't hurt any."

"There speaks the low earthly mind," grinned Joe.

"Everything's lovely and the goose hangs high," observed Herb, "with one exception."

"What's that?" asked Bob.

"Buck Looker's going along," answered Herb.

CHAPTER XV

THE LAKE OF FIRE

A LOOK of regret overspread the features of all at Herb Fennington's reminder that Buck Looker was to be one of their yachting party.

"That's so," said Jimmy. "I'd forgotten that for the moment."

"'Twas ever thus since childhood's hour," quoted Joe.

"Oh, well, we've got to make the best of it," remarked Bob. "Dr. Dale couldn't have made fish of one and fowl of the other, and he had to mention Buck in the letter. And the commodore, of course, doesn't know what kind of a fellow Buck is. Perhaps, after all, he'll make a special effort to be decent. And we'll have to try to let bygones be bygones and be as friendly toward him as he'll let us."

"Which won't be much," put in Jimmy pessimistically. "He'll do all he can to spoil the party. I know him too well."

The Radio Boys made their way to the hotel

and told Mr. Holcombe of the commodore's invitation.

"Of course you may go," said Mr. Holcombe. "The commodore is a gentleman of the finest kind, and it's an honor to be invited to become his guests. Let's get the rest of the boys together and talk over the matter."

He called the others of the party and they gathered in a secluded portion of the veranda to talk the matter over.

"Our Clintonia members have been invited by Commodore Rowland to go on a cruise among the islands," Mr. Holcombe explained, "and that gentleman has been kind enough to stretch the invitation a bit to include at least one other. Let's see," he added, turning to Bob, "just what was it that the commodore said about that?"

"He said he could accommodate at least one more and possibly two at a pinch," replied Bob.

"At a pinch," repeated Mr. Holcombe. "Well, we don't want to rub it in, and so we'll make six the limit. That'll be one more than the Clintonia boys. How many of you other boys would like to go?"

Five voices rose in chorus, those of the boys near their own age with whom the Radio Boys had become especially friendly.

"Seems to be popular," laughed Mr. Holcombe. "Too bad that four will have to be dis-

appointed. To be perfectly fair we'll leave it to chance."

He took a leaf from his notebook and tore off five strips of varying length.

"The one that gets the longest strip is elected," he said.

He shuffled them in his hands and the boys drew one by one.

Then they compared them and found that the longest strip was Bill Oliver's.

"Oliver it is," pronounced Mr. Holcombe. "He goes along. But the rest of you boys needn't worry. I'll see that you have a royal time till the rest get back."

The Radio Boys were secretly pleased, for, though they liked all their companions who had come from various places, they were especially fond of Bill.

That being settled, the boys devoted themselves for that day and the next to enjoying themselves to the full with all that the island had to offer.

They went for auto rides on splendid roads that wound under waving palms and through enchanted regions where flowers grew in gorgeous profusion—hibiscus that bloomed throughout the year in a myriad of color combinations, poinsettia bushes, the cassia trees with their pink and golden showers of blossoms, the scarlet poinciana and the lavender jacaranda.

They sampled the luscious fruits, the mango, the avocado or alligator pear, the passion fruit, the papaya, a delicious, golden-meated melon, bananas, and pineapples. They tried to eat the famous "poi," made from the taro root pounded to a sticky paste; but at this they balked.

"I guess it must be an acquired taste," commented Bob, with a grimace of distaste.

"Seems so to me," acquiesced Joe, "although it seems to be the very staff of life to the natives."

In the evening they went on fishing parties, wading out from the beach, searching out squid and eel with torch and spear. At other times they went swimming under the liquid light of the Hawaiian moon. It was delightful after a swim to rest in the moonlight on the beach listening to the dreamy and poignant melodies that were plucked from the strings of the ukuleles by bands of natives youths.

At other times they would wander down to the docks and watch the dexterity with which little, brown, native boys dived for the coins that were thrown into the water by incoming or outgoing tourists.

"It's like the land of the lotus-eaters," remarked Bob.

"Who were they?" asked Jimmy, pricking up his ears at the mention of eating.

"Fellows that lived on an enchanted island where the lotus grew," replied Bob. "When they had once tasted of the lotus they forgot everything about work or responsibility or their previous cares or duties."

"Sounds pretty good to me," said Jimmy, stretching out lazily. "Gee, fellows, never to have to think of going back to school and exams and Latin and mathematics! Wish we could get our folks to move down here. I'd learn to play the ukulele and go around with a string of leis about my neck——"

"And get even fatter than you are now," interrupted Herb unfeelingly.

"Trust you to take all the poetry out of life," grumbled Jimmy, his lyric strain thus rudely checked.

At the hour appointed by Commodore Rowland the Radio Boys and Bill Oliver were at the dock, where lay moored a beautiful yacht, with racing lines, its brasswork gleaming in the sun.

"*Aloha,*" Bob read on the stern. "That's what the commodore said her name was. Gee, fellows, isn't she a beauty?"

The others agreed enthusiastically. The commodore came across the gangplank to meet them and shook hands cordially.

"Glad to see you!" he exclaimed. "Right on the minute. Steam's up and we're all ready to

go. But there are just five of you. Where's the other?"

"He'll probably be along in a minute or two," replied Joe. "He was nearly ready when we left the hotel."

Just then Buck came in sight. But he was not alone. With him was a youth whom the boys recognized at once at Nat Croy.

The Radio Boys glanced at each other in surprise.

"What's that gink doing here?" murmured Jimmy, in a voice too low to be heard by their host. "He isn't invited."

"Some more of Buck's gall, I suppose," whispered Bob in return.

Buck drew near and Bill Oliver introduced him to the commodore.

"Glad to meet you, sir," said Buck. "I understood that you could accommodate one more at a pinch, and so I took the liberty of bringing a friend of mine along. This is Mr. Croy. Of course if there isn't room—" he hesitated uncertainly.

If the commodore resented the presumption, he was too much of a gentleman to show it.

"Why, of course," he answered promptly. "I don't suppose you boys will mind a bit of crowding. Come right along."

The party went on board, the commodore took

the wheel, the bell jangled in the engine room and the *Aloha,* with the moorings cast off, headed for the open sea.

Buck and Croy kept to themselves, while the Radio Boys and Bill formed another group.

"Did you ever see such nerve?" asked Jimmy of his companions.

"Forcing Croy into the party?" returned Joe. "Of course the commodore couldn't do anything else than consent under the circumstances."

"Unlimited cheek, all right," observed Bob. "But, after all, it has its compensations. Buck has some one to talk to now and he'd have felt as lonesome as a cat in a strange garret with the rest of us. Now we're all suited."

The first day of the cruise was delightful beyond words. They roamed about the yacht, admiring its perfect appointments. They stood at the rail enjoying the beauty of the sea and drinking in great draughts of the salt life-giving air. They sat under the awnings on the after deck, drinking the cool lemonade that was served by a soft-footed Japanese servant. And the meals were such as made Jimmy smack his lips in ecstasy.

When their host had surrendered the wheel to the mate he joined his guests, and they listened enthralled to his conversation. He was a good story teller and had seen service in all parts of

the world. The boys never tired of his tales of adventure on sea and on the land.

In addition, he knew all about Hawaii and would point out distant peaks that rose from the islands among which they were cruising, each with its own legend of Maui and Pele and the other gods and goddesses of the Hawaiian mythology.

"I think we'll put into Hilo first," he said. "I want you to see the volcano of Kilauea and the firepit of Halemaumau, the 'House of Everlasting Fire.' It's one of the greatest wonders of the world. You know that it is included now in the Hawaii National Park created by the United States Government. It will be something to remember all your life."

They reached Hilo the next day and took motor cars for the journey to Kilauea. They rode for many miles through suburban towns and sugar-cane plantations, over roads of ancient lava flows, bordered by growths of lehua and koa trees and fragrant ginger shrubs, ever climbing until they came out on the edge of a great black lake some three thousand acres in area, from which shreds of smoke and vapor were issuing through the lava cracks.

"This is the main crater of Kilauea," said the commodore, as the boys looked with awe on the battleground of ancient volcanic forces. "It's

eight miles in circumference. You can imagine what it looked like when it was sending great streams of liquid fire toward the skies. Most of it is quiet now, but there's one exception that is never quiet. That's the firepit. We could walk to that over the hardened lava, but it's a three-mile trip, and I guess we'd better take to the autos again."

This they did and were whisked through fern forests and past dormant craters until they reached the awe-inspiring brink of Halemaumau.

They knew they were nearing it before they came to it, because of the awful roar that could be heard for miles, as mighty as that of Niagara. Their hearts beat fast when they stood upon the edge of the precipice and looked on the sight below.

A perfect sea of liquid fire lay below them, three thousand feet across and fifteen hundred feet deep. Great fountains of flame shot upward for hundreds of feet and fell again with deafening thunder. The scarlet sea was never still. Billows of fire dashed against the rocky sides of the chasm, as though they sought frantically to climb it and overwhelm the audacious spectators who had dared to come so near. The boys had never realized before what was meant by the lake of fire and brimstone, but it was borne in now with stunning effect upon their conscious-

ness. They half expected to see the grim figures of demons emerging from the fiery surface and grimacing at them with menace.

For more than an hour they watched, spellbound.

They turned away at last reluctantly, with that awful spectacle branded indelibly into their minds for the rest of their lives.

For many hours they rode about the island, visiting many points of interest, exploring the famous "City of Refuge," noting the monument of the discoverer of the islands, Captain James Cook, who was slain in an altercation with the natives, viewing tobacco and coffee plantations, passing through the largest stock ranch of the island, embracing more than five hundred thousand acres on the slopes of Mauna Kea, and returning at last to the yacht with their minds teeming with the strange and romantic impressions of the day.

They found the captain of the yacht looking rather worried and relieved to see the commodore back.

"Was getting a bit anxious, sir," he said as he saluted. "The barometer isn't acting any too good, and I think there may be a bit of a blow coming on. I'd feel safer if we were where we had a little more sea room."

"Right you are, Storley," returned the commo-

dore. "We will get out into the open sea at once."

Several hours passed and the weather still remained rather threatening. The wind was rising and there were ominous cloudbanks on the horizon. The lads could see by the way the sailors hurried about lashing everything taut that a stormy night was promised.

At supper the dishes were doing a dance on the table and eating was done under difficulties. The word was passed that the boys had better not go on deck. They were tired, anyway, after the long trip of the day and were not averse to going early to bed.

It was about midnight when the Radio Boys were awakened by a terrific crash that shook the vessel from stem to stern. In an instant they were wide awake and had tumbled out of their berths to the floor.

On the deck they could hear loud shouts and the rush of running feet. And at the same time a perfect flood of water came tumbling down the companionway and began to creep under their door.

Bewilderedly, they pulled on their trousers over their pajamas.

"What's happened, do you suppose?" ejaculated Jimmy.

"Sounds as though the vessel had struck on a

reef or something," replied Bob. "Better get out of here while the getting's good."

The water by this time was creeping up to their knees. They forced open the door with difficulty and got up the companionway to the deck.

It was strewn with wreckage, and part of the starboard rail had been swept away.

Leading the van and feeling along the unbroken part of the rail, Bob stumbled forward.

The vessel gave a tremendous lurch and tore Bob's hand from the rail. He clutched for it again and encountered only empty space. The next instant he was catapulted through the broken space in the rail into the sea!

CHAPTER XVI

CASTAWAYS

Dizzy and stunned from his sudden immersion, Bob Layton rose at last to the surface. His heart was pounding, his brain reeling.

He tried to swim, but was tossed about like a chip on the raging waters. The waves broke over his head with tremendous force. He was a child in the hands of a giant.

The darkness was intense, lighted only by the phosphorescent gleam that tipped momentarily the crest of a wave. He could not even detect the black mass which he knew should represent the yacht. He could not tell whether he was moving toward it or away from it.

He shouted again and again with all the power of his lungs. But the sound did not carry farther than his lips in the terrific din of the elements. Whatever help he could look for must come from himself.

As this conviction came to him, Bob steadied himself and called upon all his resources to meet

the hideous emergency that confronted him.

How long he could keep afloat he did not know. He was equally ignorant regarding the proximity of land. If the vessel had struck on one of the rocks that bordered the shore, he would have a chance to reach safety. But if it had struck a hidden reef—and this seemed to him the more probable—he might be hundreds of miles from land.

He strained his ears to find out if he could hear the sound of breakers. But in the awful tumult he could not tell. All separate sounds were lost in one deafening uproar.

In what direction should he turn? Whichever way he choose was likely to be wrong. With every stroke he might be going farther and farther from the shore instead of nearing it.

So he abandoned any attempt at swimming and devoted himself entirely to keeping afloat. This conserved his strength, of which he needed every ounce. At times he simply trod water, at others he turned over on his back and let the waves carry him where they willed.

If the sea had been calm, he could have floated thus for hours. But the waves were battering him, bruising him, knocking the breath out of him. He tried to ride them, but often they did the riding, submerging him under tons of water

that left him shaken and gasping as he came out from under them.

Daylight would have brought him some cheer and hope. He could at least have seen where he was, detected a place of safety, if any had offered itself. But the black night crowded depression on his spirits as the waves beat blows upon his body.

As it had been midnight when the crash occurred, it would still be several hours before dawn. But Bob knew that he could not survive till dawn. Long before that time the billows would have beaten him into utter exhaustion.

Still he refused to give up. He would fight till the last breath left his body.

For nearly an hour the conflict continued. He knew now that it could not be maintained much longer. He felt that consciousness was leaving him.

A sharp blow on the arm made him wince and roused him from the semi-stupor into which he was rapidly sinking.

He reached out half mechanically and caught the end of a floating platform of wood. That touch went through him like an electric shock and instantly he was all alive.

Help had come to him in his direst extremity. He gripped his fingers into a crevice of what he

now recognized as a hatch cover and supported his weary body.

With this to help him, he might yet fight his way to a place of safety. At least it would keep him afloat till dawn revealed where he was.

A feeling of infinite thankfulness stole over him at this unexpected boon. Suppose he had given up as he had been so sorely tempted to a few minutes before and relinquished his hold on life! He rejoiced at the physical and moral strength that had kept him going, long after hope had fled.

As his senses cleared, one thing puzzled him. That was the apparent lack of buoyancy of the raft. It seemed as though it was weighted at the further end.

He lifted his head and peered through the darkness. A few feet away he saw something that moved. Straining his eyes still harder, he could detect something that looked like the rough outline of a human head.

Scarcely daring to believe his own eyes, he called out:

"Anybody there?"

There was a startled movement of the dimly seen head and Jimmy's voice came back:

"Bob! Is that you? This is Jimmy."

"Jimmy!" Bob shouted back, his heart thrilling with delight. "You're alive! Have you got

a good grip on the hatch? Are you hurt? Can I help you?"

"I'm not hurt," replied Jimmy, "but I'm almost all in. I've been trying to get up on the hatch and rest a little, but I haven't been able to. My arms feel as though they were wrenched from their sockets trying to hold on."

"Wait a minute," cried Bob, "and I'll work my way round to where you are and see if I can help you. Hold on hard."

With renewed strength, Bob fought his way to the farther end of the raft until he could touch Jimmy.

The sense of comradeship that came with that touch inspired each of the boys with new life. The most awful thing about that fight in the darkness had been its loneliness.

"Now, Jimmy," panted Bob, "the next time we sink into a trough you lift yourself as much as you can and I'll give you a boost that may tumble you on the raft."

"But how about you?" objected Jimmy. "You need to rest as much as I do."

"That's all right," returned Bob. "We'll take turns. But you go first. Try now when I give the word."

Jimmy did his best with his failing strength, and Bob, treading water, gave him as hard an upward push as he could. Their combined ef-

forts succeeded, and Jimmy got one leg over the raft, and with that as a purchase he was able to drag himself out at full length upon the tossing platform.

He lay there, gasping, holding on with hands and feet to keep from being thrown off, while Bob, supporting himself by his arms on one end of the hatch, held on for dear life.

They had no breath for talking, but the sense of each other's nearness was infinitely precious. With the help that the hatch afforded, their lease of life had been extended for a few hours at the least.

When Jimmy had rested he insisted on Bob's taking his place, and they alternated this way until the first streaks of dawn appeared in the eastern sky.

The storm had moderated somewhat, but the billows were still rolling mountain high. As the light increased, Bob's eyes strained in every direction.

On three sides there was nothing to be seen except the waste of tumbling waters, but as Bob turned toward the north his heart almost leaped from his body.

For there, not far away, was land!

CHAPTER XVII

SAVED FORM THE SEA

"JIMMY!" Bob Layton shouted, almost mad with delight. "Land! Land! See those palms? See that beach? We're saved!"

Jimmy Plummer's shout of rapture echoed that of his companion.

Only a few hundred yards away a shelving beach ran down to the ocean. There were no rocks, except a few scattered here and there. Beyond the beach was a patch of woodland, gradually ascending to a small hill in the background. There was no sign of human habitation.

The billows were breaking in thunder on the beach. But those same billows were rolling the boys rapidly shoreward.

"Hold fast, Jimmy!" Bob shouted to his comrade, who at the moment was on the hatch. "But be ready to jump when I give the word."

Nearer and nearer they came to the shore. Bob measured the distance. Then, as the raft was lifted on a great comber, Bob shouted:

"Now, Jimmy! Jump when it breaks!"

The comber broke in a shower of spray. At the same instant Bob lunged forward with all his might and Jimmy jumped.

They felt the sand beneath their feet. But the receding wave sought to suck them back with it. They threw themselves flat on their faces and dug into the sand with hands and toes. At that, Jimmy would have been drawn back if Bob had not clutched and held him.

But they conquered, and before the next great wave came roaring in, they had dragged themselves out of its reach. The pair staggered up on the beach to a place of safety and there collapsed.

It had been a terrible fight, but the ravenous sea had been balked of its prey!

For a long time the boys lay there, panting and gasping, nearer to utter exhaustion than they had ever been before in their lives. Their breath came in great sobs, their hearts were beating like a tocsin. Every muscle was sore and bruised as though they had been beaten by clubs.

It was a full hour before either one of them uttered a word. When at last their legs would carry them, they rose, made their way to the nearest palm trees, and sat down with their backs against them.

It was Bob who first broke the silence.

"A close shave, Jimmy, old boy," he murmured.

"That's no name for it," returned Jimmy, into whose face the color was now coming back. "I'd sure have been a goner if you hadn't come across me."

"And I'd have been in the same hard luck, if you hadn't come along with that hatch of yours," said Bob. "Tell me how you came to be in the water."

"Case of follow the leader, I guess," responded Jimmy. "I must have gone through the same hole in the rail that you did. I was close behind you and saw you disappear. The next moment I struck the water. We must have been only a few feet from each other. As soon as I got my mouth clear of water— Gee, I felt as though I had swallowed the whole ocean!— I yelled for help, but it didn't do any good. Couldn't even see the yacht. I swam as long as I could and was just beginning to think it was all up when I had the luck to grab that hatch. You know the rest."

"About ourselves, yes," replied Bob. "I only wish I knew of what happened to Joe and Herb and the rest of the fellows."

Jimmy's brow clouded and anguish came into his eyes.

"Good old Joe and Herb," he muttered.

"Let's hope that they had as good luck as we had. Do you think the yacht went down?"

"I can only hope not," returned Bob. "It's a strong, seaworthy vessel and it had a good crew. But that was a terrific crash and it may have finished it. That reef, or whatever it was, may have ripped the bottom out of it."

"Still, they had plenty of boats," said Jimmy, clinging desperately to any shred of hope. "If they had time to launch them, they may have saved the whole party. For all we know they may have reached this very island before we did."

"Slim chance," conjectured Bob. "They certainly didn't reach this beach, or we'd see something of the boat. Still, they may have landed on some other part of the island. It seems to be a pretty big one. Let's take a look around and see if we can find any trace of them."

"Come along," said Jimmy, as he rose to his feet. "Gee, these pins of mine are wobbly!"

"Same here," remarked Bob. "But it won't be long before they'll be as good as ever. Thank goodness we didn't break any of them!"

The two boys made their way through the woods until they reached the summit of a hill that commanded a view of a large part of the island.

The trees lessened as they mounted the slope, and when they reached the top of the hill they

found it denuded of all vegetation. It was a broad, rocky plateau, nearly flat, though inclining a little toward the south.

At one spot there was a heap of rocks, topped by a flat slab of stone that bore certain scroll-like inscriptions. The boys conjectured that it might have been an altar of the primeval worship of the islanders. This, however, had little interest for them at the moment. What did interest them was that it would serve admirably as a lookout.

They scrambled to the top of the pile and looked eagerly about. In the bright sunlight they could see for miles in every direction. But nothing rewarded their view. There were no moving figures dotting the landscape. Nor out at sea could they detect anything that looked like a raft or boat.

Their hearts sank. To all appearance they were the only two human beings on the island. No shred of smoke betokened the presence of a cabin. They seemed as completely severed from the world of living men as though they were the inhabitants of another planet.

"Looks as though we had the place all to ourselves," murmured Jimmy despondently.

"Oh, well, we've got to remember that we're only seeing a small part of the island," Bob encouraged him. "There might be hundreds of people in the woods and we couldn't see them

from here. This is only the first look. We'll have to get down and make a thorough search. We'll keep as near the shore as we can, because the chances are that, if any of our party has reached it, he hasn't gone very far inland."

They climbed down from their observatory, and then became conscious that they were ravenously hungry. Their thirst, too, was insistent, owing to the salt water that they had swallowed and, in addition, had absorbed through the pores of their skins.

"I could eat nails," declared Jimmy.

"I guess we can find something a little more digestible than that," replied Bob. "There ought to be bananas and cocoanuts on the island. In fact, I remember that I saw some as we were passing through the woods on our way up here. Let's go back and get some and then we'll start on our hunt."

It was not long before they found plenty of both edibles, and after they had eaten their fill they felt immeasurably refreshed and strengthened.

The milk of the cocoanuts also had largely slaked their thirst. It was by no means a substitute for water, however, and their joy was intense a little while later when they heard the musical ripple of a brook and, rushing in that di-

rection, found a clear stream of cool, delicious water.

They drank till they could drink no more, and then, stripping off their clothes, which were now in tatters from the beating of the waves, dashed in and reveled in a bath.

Two great loads were lifted from their minds. They were in no danger of death from thirst or starvation. They could live indefinitely on what the island provided.

Another thing, too, they remembered with thankfulness. There were no snakes on any of the Hawaiian Islands nor any dangerous wild beasts, and if there should happen to be any human inhabitants, they were sure to be hospitable and friendly.

Though their personal safety seemed assured, their hearts were heavy with dread of what had possibly happened to their comrades. Where were they, good old Herb and Joe? And Buck? Had they gone down with the yacht? Were their lifeless bodies floating somewhere on that vast waste of waters, a prey perhaps for sharks?

Tortured by these questionings, Bob and Jimmy had tramped for nearly three hours, keeping as near the sea as possible, when, just as they neared a spot where the shore line curved, Jimmy halted abruptly.

"Did you hear that?" he asked.

"Sounded to me like voices," replied Bob. "Gee, Jimmy, if it only is——"

He did not finish the sentence, but darted forward like an arrow, with Jimmy close at his heels.

They rounded the curve and saw two figures sitting dejectedly on rocks near the water.

One of them raised his head.

"Herb!" yelled Bob and Jimmy in one breath, as they rushed toward him.

CHAPTER XVIII

A JOYOUS REUNION

THERE was an answering shout of delight from Herb Fennington and the next instant the three boys were patting and pounding each other, frantic with joy at again being united.

"And we feared you were dead!" exclaimed Jimmy, his face in a glow.

"I had the same feeling about you," returned Herb. "Gee, if that had been true I wouldn't have cared to live myself! Now if good old Joe has come through all right, we'll have nothing left to ask for. Except that the other boys are saved too," he added more soberly.

They had been so engrossed in the delight of meeting each other that Bob and Jimmy had paid no attention to Herb's companion. Now as they looked more closely they saw that it was Buck Looker.

The latter had made no move to greet the newcomers, but now as they approached him he summoned up the pretence of a faint smile.

"Hello, Buck!" exclaimed Bob heartily, for in the plight in which they found themselves the Radio Boys were willing to forget all past unpleasantness. "Glad to see that you pulled through."

"Thanks," replied Buck. "I'm glad to see that you did, too. Haven't seen anything of Croy, have you?"

"No," replied Bob. "As far as I know, we four are the only ones on the island. That doesn't say that they aren't here, though. We may run across them, just as we've met each other. But let's go up under the shade of these palms and have a chinfest," he added, addressing Herb. "It's hot enough to cook eggs under this sun."

Buck tried to rise from the rock on which he was sitting, but was so weak that he sprawled his full length on the sand.

The boys ran to pick him up and half-led, half-carried him into the shade, where they made him a comfortable seat of moss and placed him with his back against a tree.

"Buck's had a pretty bad time of it," explained Herb. "He hasn't had as much practice in swimming as the rest of us fellows, and it's taken it out of him."

"Have you fellows had anything to eat or drink?" asked Bob.

"No," replied Herb. "We've been simply too done up to look for anything yet. But I'm as hungry as a wolf and my tongue's fairly hanging out of my mouth from thirst."

"I guess Buck feels the same way," said Bob. "You'll both feel better when you've got something inside you. Just wait here a few minutes and Jimmy and I will get you something. We've just been filling up ourselves."

They hurried off and returned shortly with a plentiful supply of fruit, together with water, for which they used cocoanut shells as containers. Herb and Buck fell to with a will, and the result was evident in brighter eyes and a heightened color.

"Nothing ever tasted so good," declared Herb, when he had finished. "And now tell us how you fellows had the luck to make your way here. The last I saw of you both was when you took that header into the sea."

Bob and Jimmy narrated their adventures, to which Herb listened open-mouthed.

"Gee, but that was some swim!" he ejaculated. "From midnight to daylight in such a sea as that was!"

"We couldn't have made it without the hatch," said Bob. "But now tell us about yourself and Buck."

"Our experience was a little different," replied

Herb. "I came near following you and Jimmy, and drew back just in time. There was fearful confusion on board. The crash had put the electric lights out of commission and it was as dark as pitch. Could hardly see your hand before your face. About the only cool persons on board I guess were the captain and the commodore."

"The commodore's all right," put in Jimmy.

"The real stuff," acquiesced Herb. "He put some of the men at the pumps and set others to clearing away the boats. I guess he must have found that the water was gaining, for pretty soon he gathered some of the party together and sent them off in one of the boats in charge of the boatswain. The crew were to take to the others later on.

"We got clear of the ship and I suppose set out in the direction of this island. You know how big the waves were, so I needn't say anything about that."

"Was Joe in the boat with you?" interrupted Bob anxiously.

"I don't know," answered Herb. "We were all huddled in there just as we happened to tumble in. I suppose he was, though. We were holding on like grim death to anything we could to keep from being thrown into the water as the boat rose and fell on the waves. The sailors and the boatswain knew their business, though, and

kept the boat going, though at any minute I thought she'd be swamped. Likely enough we'd have made this place all right, only after we'd been going about an hour the boat struck something. A big wave lifted us up and dropped us down on something hard and the boat broke clean in two."

There was an exclamation of horror from Bob and Jimmy.

"The next I knew I was in the water," went on Herb, with a shudder at the recollection. "Was I scared? You bet I was. Scared clean out of my boots—that is, I would have been if I'd happened to have any boots on. I paddled around—you couldn't call it swimming—and the waves kept pounding me like so many clubs. Then I grabbed something and found it was one of the pieces of the boat. Buck had managed to grab it, too, and it was big enough to keep both of us afloat. We must have been pretty close to land—the sailors had been rowing a long time—and just as we were so tired that we thought we'd have to let go we felt the sand beneath our feet. Did it feel good? Oh, boy!"

"We know how it felt, don't we, Jimmy?" asked Bob.

"You bet!" replied Jimmy.

"Well, that's about all," went on Herb. "We managed to drag ourselves up and here we've

been ever since, almost too tired to lift a finger."

While they were talking, Buck had dropped off to sleep. He had been far more severely taxed by the terrible experience than had the Radio Boys, for the clean living of the latter had stood them in good stead on that night of trial, while Buck's dissipated way of life had told on him when the pinch came.

"I'm glad that Buck was saved," whispered Jimmy. "But why couldn't it have been Joe?"

"Joe!" murmured Bob in an agony of soul. "Good old Joe! Where is he?"

CHAPTER XIX

IN THE DEPTHS

WHERE was Joe?

He had brought up the rear of the Radio Boys as they climbed the companionway to the deck on that night of storm and stress. He had seen Bob and Jimmy vanish into the darkness through the broken rail, and had drawn back in time to escape a similar fate.

As he recoiled, his hand came in contact with a life preserver attached to the unbroken part of the rail. He unfastened this with frantic haste and hurled it into the sea in the hope that it might be clutched by his companions. Then, remembering that there were other preservers in the cabin, he hurried back for them in order to send them after the first.

He rushed back to the deck with two more. He threw one of them overboard and was about to follow that one with the other when a great wave came swirling on board and swept him into the sea!

Several lanterns had now been lighted on the yacht to take the place of the extinguished electric lights and they served dimly to show Joe the black bulk of the *Aloha* as she wallowed helplessly in the trough of the ocean.

He tried to swim toward her, hoping that he might catch at some chain or rope that would enable him to climb to the deck. But the wind was blowing in an opposite direction and carried the billows with it, so that instead of making headway toward the yacht he was being steadily carried away from it. He shouted instinctively for help, though he knew that in that welter of the elements he could not be heard.

Unknowingly, he had retained his clutch on the life preserver. It was of the ring type to be slipped over the head and under the arms.

With infinite effort he managed at last to adjust it, and felt the result at once in the lightening of his body. And with that increased buoyancy came the first gleam of hope that he had felt since he had taken his headlong plunge.

He did not disguise from himself that the chances were heavily against his surviving. But he was of a tough moral fibre, and he resolved to battle till the last gasp. If he went down, he would at least go down fighting.

The faint lights in the rigging of the *Aloha*

soon wholly disappeared and the blackness that surrounded Joe was thick enough to cut with a knife.

Again and again the waves dashed over him, but each time he emerged shaking his head like a spaniel to clear his eyes. Not that the eyes did him much good, but he never knew at what moment deliverance might come in sight.

For hours his struggle with the waves continued. But it was the struggle with himself that Joe feared most, the desperate effort to keep from lapsing into unconsciousness.

At times thoughts of his comrades obtruded and added to his mental anguish. Had they caught the life preservers that he had hurled over to them in utter forgetfulness of self? If they had not, what chance was there of their survival? If they had, where were they now? Battling like himself with the remorseless billows? Or had they succumbed in the strife?

What a change these few brief hours had brought! One moment chatting and laughing with his friends in the brightly lighted cabin of the *Aloha,* the next, listening to the crash that sounded like the knell of doom.

It was nearing morning, and Joe was all but exhausted when he felt himself brought in contact with a rock. The blow hurt him cruelly, but all the pain was submerged in the joy that

gripped him. Here was something solid, something that offered at least a faint hope of salvation.

He grasped a jutting edge and held on tightly, although the waves sought to tear him loose. Watching his chance after one wave had spent its force and the next was not yet upon him, he worked his way up until his feet were clear of the water. Higher and higher he mounted, and then fell prostrate on a rugged slab that the billows could not reach.

For a long time he lay there, panting and gasping, rejoicing beyond measure to feel something sure and staunch beneath his weary body. Then he drew himself to a sitting position and looked around him.

The morning light was breaking, and in its dimness he could barely discern another figure at a little distance, prostrate as he himself had been. A thrill ran through him like an electric shock. Could this be one of his chums whom he had feared he would never see again?

He raised his voice and shouted:

"Hello there! Who are you?"

The head of the figure raised itself, as much surprised at finding another human being near as Joe had been himself.

"I'm Nat Croy," an exhausted voice barely

raised itself above a whisper. Who are you?"

"Joe Atwood," came the reply. "Wait a minute and I'll get over to you."

Painfully and slowly Joe dragged himself over to Croy. He would rather it had been any one else, except Buck Looker, but still he was hungry for companionship and, little as he liked Croy, he was glad that the fellow had been saved from drowning.

"How did you get here, Croy?" asked Joe.

"This is the thing that did it," replied Croy, pointing to the life preserver of which he had not yet divested himself. "I guess you got here the same way."

"Righto," replied Joe. "It was sheer luck that I had one of these things in my hand when I went overboard. Know anything of what happened to the rest of the fellows?"

"Not a thing," replied Croy. "Most of them I guess went under. There were only a few that had life preservers. Have you any idea of where we are now?"

"Search me," replied Joe. "On some one of the little islands, I suppose, that are scarcely more than rocks. This seems so small that you could almost throw a stone across it. But it's getting light fast and we'll soon be able to get some idea of things."

They lapsed into silence and watched the daylight getting ever brighter until suddenly the sun appeared above the horizon and flooded the sea in glory.

An exclamation of delight broke from Joe.

"This sure is luck!" he cried. "There's land and plenty of it only a few hundred yards away," and he pointed to an island that stretched for miles in every direction.

They could see a broad beach and what appeared to be a perfect wilderness of palms whose fronds inclined gracefully toward the water.

"How are you feeling, Croy?" asked Joe jubilantly. "Ready for the swim?"

Croy looked dubiously at the tumultuous waters that raged between their rock and the island.

"Don't you think we'd better stay here and take our chances of being picked up?" he ventured.

"There's nothing to sustain life here," replied Joe, as his eyes swept their precarious dot in the sea, scarcely an acre in extent and utterly barren of bush and tree, "and it may be days or weeks before any vessel heaves in sight. In the meantime, we'd die of thirst or starvation. We've simply got to get over to the island where we're likely to find food and drink in plenty."

"But there's the chance of sharks," objected

Croy, looking fearfully at the tossing waters.

"A bare chance," agreed Joe. "But they don't like a storm any more than we do and they'll probably keep to the quiet depths until the thing blows over. As a matter of fact, it's a good deal safer to try it now than to wait till the water is calm."

"I'm afraid," whimpered Croy, covering his face with his hands and trembling from head to foot.

CHAPTER XX

A GREAT DISCOVERY

JOE ATWOOD looked at his craven companion with ill-concealed disgust.

"All right," he said briefly. "You can do as you like. But it's me for the island."

"Don't—don't leave me alone here!" begged Croy, his yellow streak now fully in evidence.

"I don't want to," replied Joe. "But all the same, I'm going where there's a real chance of safety. Brace up now and come along. The tide is setting toward the island and it'll take us over there in a few minutes. The life preservers will hold us up and it will be no trick at all to get there."

Croy was white to the lips, but for very shame's sake he could make no further objections.

They adjusted their life preservers carefully, slipped into the water, and swam toward the island. Croy was only a mediocre swimmer, but the strong current made up for his shortcomings

in that respect. In a few minutes, that seemed hours, however, to the trembling Croy, who kept looking fearfully behind him, they reached the shore, and with a feeling of unfeigned relief made their way to the shelter of a grove of palms where they sat down to recover their breath.

"What did I tell you?" remarked Joe cheerily. "Never a sign of a shark. Gee, but we're in luck! I wouldn't have given a plugged nickel for our chances a few hours ago."

"What's that thing?" asked Croy in alarm, pointing to an ungainly moving object that could be but faintly discerned between the bushes that fringed the beach. "It's an alligator!" he shrieked, as he started to flee in the opposite direction.

"Alligator, nothing!" snorted Joe. "That's only a turtle. Come out of the sea to lay her eggs, I suppose. And she's a lallapaloozer. I didn't know they came that big."

The turtle was indeed enormous. It waddled along at a slow gait, which quickened, however, when the eyes, looking out from the leather-like head, descried the castaways.

"Don't let it get away!" cried Joe, running to interpose himself between the turtle and the sea. "Think of the eating it will make! Come along, Croy, and let's turn it over on its back."

Croy came gingerly forward.

"That thing can bite," he said, hesitating. "Those jaws could nip a man's hand off."

"Yes, if we let them," retorted Joe. "But that's just what we're not going to do."

Joe picked up part of the limb of a tree, and with this he turned the turtle back from whatever course it tried to take. Once the stick came too near, and the head of the creature darted at it like a flash. The jaws caught the end of the stick and snapped it off as though it had been a pipe stem.

"I'll keep it busy, Croy, while you hunt around and get two of the heaviest sticks you can find," said Joe. "We'll thrust them under the turtle's body, and with the purchase we can get we ought to be able to turn it over. Then it'll be helpless. Hustle now!"

Croy did as directed, and by watching their chance and heaving at the same moment they were able to turn the monster on its back. It lay there, defeated now, with its flappers waving frantically in the air and its ugly head shooting in and out with rage.

"So far so good," exulted Joe, as he rested from his labors. "Gee, there ought to be enough meat there to feed a regiment! And such meat! Nothing better in the world. But we can't leave it here. You can see by the beach marks that the sea will cover this spot at high tide and wash the

turtle out with it. Wish we had a rope or something to pull it up out of danger."

But a rope was not to be had. They found a way out of their difficulty, however, by weaving some of the tough creepers of the trees into an improvised rope, and with this they laboriously hauled their huge quarry up off the beach and into the shade of the trees.

Once there, they surveyed their trophy dubiously.

"It's going to be a job to get the meat out of the shell, and I don't know the best way to go about it," observed Joe. "I guess we'd better think it over for a while. If we kill it now, we'll have a feast, to be sure, but the rest of the meat will decay in this climate before we can use it. We'll have to figure out some plan to cure the meat for future use. In the meantime, I'm as hungry as the mischief, and I'm going to knock down some of the cocoanuts and bananas I see."

"Same with me," responded Croy.

They left their captive, knowing that escape for it was impossible, and in a few minutes were satisfying their hunger and thirst with bananas and the meat and milk of the cocoanuts.

But though his physical needs were for the moment satisfied, Joe Atwood's heart was heavy with brooding and apprehension.

Not so much for himself, because he felt that

the worst of his ordeal was over. What remained would involve a great deal of discomfort and privation. But he believed that it was only a matter of time before rescue in some form would come.

But he was tortured with fear for the fate of his comrades. He had as yet seen no traces of them on the island. He had hoped that Croy might be able to enlighten him on this point, but Croy's ignorance as to what had befallen the rest of the company was as great as his own.

Bob! Jimmy! Herb! Names of those unspeakably dear to him! Through what agonies had they passed or were they passing? His life would be shadowed forever if they had really passed from the land of the living.

But Joe tried to put the thought resolutely from him. They could not be dead. Somewhere, somehow he would find them again.

A terrible need for sleep was upon him. He found his head nodding and his eyelids closing, despite himself. In sleep he would find a brief respite from his mental anguish.

But he refused to yield to the drowsiness that was stealing over him. He rose and shook himself.

"Come along, Croy," he adjured his companion. "Let's search through the island and see if we can come across any of the others."

"What's the use!" grumbled Croy. "We're safe, anyhow, aren't we? Let's let well enough alone. I'm dead for a snooze and I'm going to take it."

Joe was tempted to kick him for his callousness. He opened his mouth to tell Croy what he thought of him when he was arrested by sounds like those of voices and the tread of feet.

"Do you hear that?" he asked Croy. "Somebody's coming!"

"Perhaps they're natives," cried Croy, his lethargy dissipated instantly when his own personal safety was in question. "Let's hide."

"There are no hostile natives in these islands," returned Joe. "Sounds to me like— Glory hallelujah!"

For at that moment came streaming through a break in the trees Bob, Jimmy, Herb, and Bill Oliver, with Buck Looker shambling along in the rear.

CHAPTER XXI

THE STRANDED YACHT

WITH a wild shout of jubilation the newcomers recognized Joe Atwood and the next minute he was in the center of a mauling, pounding, rejoicing group, who were pouring out incoherent ejaculations and questions that fairly tumbled over each other.

Forgotten for the moment was their plight, their rags, the problems that confronted them. It was enough that the Radio Boys were together again, saved from the maw of the angry seas that had tried to engulf them.

It was a long time before sanity came back to them and they could tell each other the various adventures they had undergone.

Bill Oliver had his own story to tell. He had already related it to the other boys and now repeated it to Joe.

"I was in the first boat that crashed on the reef or submerged rock or whatever it was," he said. "I drifted about for a while, and the life

preserver I had on is the only thing that saved me, for I'm not much of a swimmer at the best of times. But a little time afterward I could see the dim outlines of a second boat that seemed to be cruising around and picking up some of the crew that were in the water. I yelled and hoped they'd find me, too, but it was pitch dark and they missed me. After they had pulled in all they could find they pulled away and that was the last I saw of them.

"I gave myself up for lost then, but I kept paddling away, more from instinct, I guess, than anything else. A water-soaked board came floating along and I clung to that, but it was too frail for me to get on top of it. I don't even know when or how I got to shore. I must have lost consciousness when the journey was nearly over. But come to I did at last, and found myself with my head on the beach and half my body in the water. I had just sense enough to drag myself up out of reach of the waves and then I passed out again. That lasted I don't know how long, but when I woke I managed to get to my feet and staggered along until I came to this bunch of fellows," indicating Bob and the rest. "They gave me some grub and now Richard is himself again."

"Good!" exclaimed Joe. "I'm tickled to death, Bill, that you pulled through all right. And what

you say of the second boat makes it seem as though the crew of the first boat may have been picked up. Gee, if that's only true!"

In the meantime Croy and Buck had gravitated together, each glad to find a comrade of his own stripe.

"Well, now that so many of us are together again," suggested Bob, "let's sit down and hold a council of ways and means. We've got to look this thing fairly in the face and decide what we're going to do."

"Good idea," commended Joe. "And I want to say right now that the problem of food is solved for a while. Just take a look at this," and he led them to the place where the captive turtle lay beneath the trees.

There were exclamations of delight—from all except the turtle.

"Yum-yum!" gloated Jimmy, as he rubbed his stomach. "When do we eat?"

"Not just yet," replied Bob unfeelingly. "You're full now to the chin and the turtle will keep. Let's get down to brass tacks."

"I'd rather get down to turtle soup," grumbled Jimmy.

"The first thing to do," said Bob, ignoring Jimmy, "is to set up a signal of some kind for passing ships. I don't know how frequented this part of the Pacific is. Perhaps it's a dangerous

coast because of concealed reefs, and vessels may give it a wide berth. It may be months before we see one."

"That's a nice thought to chew on," put in Nat Croy.

"Then again," went on Bob, "we may see one to-day or to-morrow. At any rate, we can't get the signal up too quickly. There's a dandy place on the top of the hill where Jimmy and I were this morning that just fills the bill. We'll put up something there, a big pole or a cross, and fasten some fluttering thing to it as a signal of distress. And at night we'll keep a bonfire going there. You see, if this is an uninhabited island—and it seems to be—any one navigating these waters will know it and when they see the signal they'll know that somebody is marooned here."

"We can get the wood all right for the signal," remarked Herb; "but we haven't anything that looks like a flag."

"A couple of pairs of our pajamas will do that," replied Bob. "We've all got them on under our trousers and in this warm climate we can spare them all right. How does the thing strike you, fellows?"

It was common sense and all approved of it heartily.

"The next thing," said Bob, "is to look after our food supply. Where there is one turtle there

are apt to be more, and that'll take care of the meat question. But we'll have to cure it in some way over the flame and smoke of a fire."

"How about matches?" interrupted Jimmy.

"We're in luck there," replied Bob. "I've got a box of them in a waterproof bag. But we'll have to use them with great care. There's plenty of wood, though, and after we get a fire started we can keep it going so that there'll always be embers to get a light from. With the turtles and plenty of fruit we're safe from starvation, anyway."

"Months, you say, before we may see a vessel," murmured Herb. "In the meantime our families will be eating their hearts out with grief and worry. Oh, if we only had a radio!"

"If we only had!" repeated Bob longingly. "But we haven't, nor even the material with which to make one. And even if we got it made, we haven't the power."

"We must remember," suggested Joe, seeking to introduce a note of comfort, "that we're not dependent on vessels passing only by chance. When we don't report back to Honolulu they will know that something's happened and they'll send out boats to look for us."

"That's so," assented Bob. "Then, too, we're not absolutely sure that the *Aloha* has gone down.

It's barely possible that they've managed to keep her afloat. And she has wireless and would get it busy at once.

"Well, now for the signal," he continued, springing to his feet. "We oughtn't to lose a minute. Come along, you fellows."

The others followed him eagerly, with the exception of Buck and Croy, who lagged along in the rear. Work of any kind had never had any attraction for those two, and now that their present safety was assured they were running true to form.

The boys set to work getting branches of suitable shape and length to be utilized as poles. They had no nails or hammers or implements of any kind.

"But neither had Robinson Crusoe at first," said Bob cheerily, when the fact was mentioned, "and he managed to make out pretty well. We can plant the main pole in a crevice of the rocks that will hold it straight. The bar of the cross we can fasten to the other pole with vine creepers. And a knot in the pajama flag will hold it to the pole and yet permit it to float."

In a short time they had finished the work and pronounced it good.

"We don't need to fuss with the fire until dark," said Bob. "So now, since we've all had

a terrible night and are almost dead for sleep, I move that we turn in and take forty winks. We need them if ever any one did."

The proposal met with enthusiastic approval.

"Of course, some one has got to be awake all the time," went on Bob. "We'll draw lots to see who takes the first turn at sentry go. It would never do to take the chance of a ship passing near and we not know it."

"Right you are," agreed Joe. "And while we're about it, I think we ought to have some sort of organization, some leader who can portion out the jobs, see that each one does his share of the work and manage things generally. It'll be much more shipshape, will save hard feelings, and we'll get more done. As it is now, we're more or less of a mob. I vote for Bob Layton as leader. All in favor say aye."

"Aye!" came vigorously from four voices.

"Some one else could do better," protested Bob.

"Nothing doing," replied Joe. "You're elected. How about it, Buck and Croy?" he demanded. "I notice you didn't vote."

"I don't like it," growled Buck. "Nobody here is better than anybody else or has got the right to boss."

"It ain't American," muttered Croy.

"That's too bad," replied Joe. "Each one of

you ought to have a little island to himself. But the majority rules—that's American—and you'll have to make the best of it. It won't be healthy for any one who proves himself a slacker."

"There, there," said Bob soothingly. "I guess there won't be any trouble. Now we'll draw for sentry duty."

The lot fell upon Herb, who cheerfully accepted the task.

"When you figure that two hours have passed, call me," directed Bob. "I'll take next turn. After that it will be Jimmy, Bill, Joe, Buck and Nat in that order."

Herb took up his position near the beach where he could command the fullest view of the sea, and in two minutes the rest were fast asleep.

Four hours passed and then, at the conclusion of his own shift as a sentinel, Bob roused the company.

"Sorry, fellows," he said, as they yawned and rubbed their eyes; "but we'll have a good long sleep to-night. Just now we've got a lot to do. We've got to collect a big pile of brushwood for the signal fire to-night. And we've got to get some of the turtle ready for supper and cure the rest of the meat."

He detailed four of them to gather the wood, while he himself, with the help of two others,

dispatched the turtle, roasted some of it, and hung strips over a fire where the smoke and flame began the task of curing it.

It was a crude, but, nevertheless, sumptuous meal to which the boys sat down that night. The turtle steaks were delicious and half redeemed for Jimmy the calamity that had befallen him.

Two of them took turn and turn about that night in replenishing the bonfire that might warn passing vessels of the presence of the castaways. But nothing came of it that night or on any of the many nights that followed.

A week went by without any change in the situation. They seemed to have been forgotten by the world. Not a sail appeared on the horizon, no shred of smoke betokened the passage of a steamer.

The boys were eating their hearts out with anxiety. They knew the agony that must be ravaging the hearts of their people. For by this time the fact that something had happened to the *Aloha* must have been recognized in Honolulu, and no doubt those apprehensions had been wirelessed or cabled to the United States.

Personally, they seemed to be safe enough. Yet not altogether, for there had been mysterious rumblings of the earth, tremblings that at times had made them sway upon their feet. They knew that they were in a volcanic district, that most of

the islands had been subjected at some time to the scourge of overflowing lava. In one of their excursions over the island they had come in view of a peak from which an ominous column of smoke was issuing.

They thought of Halemaumau, the "House of Everlasting Fire," and shuddered.

If they had had any tools, they might have fashioned some rude craft from a tree trunk as a refuge if the volcano did its worst. But even that was out of the question.

They had scoured the island for three quarters of its extent in the hope of finding inhabitants. If there had been such, they might have secured canoes and information as to how to reach some more populous island. All this time the subterranean rumblings grew more ominous. The giant of the volcano was muttering in his sleep. How soon before he would wake?

On the tenth day, as they were rounding a curve in the beach in a locality that was yet strange to them, Herb, who was in the van, gave vent to a startled exclamation that brought his comrades running.

There in a rocky bay was a stranded motor yacht!

CHAPTER XXII

REPAIRING THE RADIO

For a moment, amid the hubbub of exclamations that ensued, the boys were stirred by a wild hope that the yacht was riding at anchor and that human figures might at any moment appear on deck.

But this hope died at birth, for a closer inspection showed that the vessel was listed and was lying half on the rocks and half on the sand.

The deck, too, was littered with wreckage betokening a calamity that had come upon the vessel. Everything was in dire confusion, as though the crew had left in a panic, if indeed the crew had survived the wreck.

The boys rushed down to the strand and clambered upon the vessel. It was a comparatively small one, not comparable in size with the *Aloha,* and it did not require a long search to find that it was entirely deserted.

A table was set in the cabin on which were remnants of mouldering food, whose condition

showed that it must have lain there for weeks. There were no dead bodies, and for this the boys were thankful.

"Must have been driven ashore in a gale," conjectured Herb.

"Not while the crew were on it," replied Bob. "If that had been so, they would have had no trouble in landing here, and even if they got away from here later, they would have left some litter or some sign of their presence on the beach. But there's nothing, no ashes from fire or anything of the sort. The accident, whatever it was, happened at sea and they deserted the vessel there. Since then it has drifted or been driven here on the rocks. Say, fellows, it looks as though it might be a life-saver."

"In what way?" asked Jimmy doubtfully. "There's a hole stove in the bottom. And who of us knows anything about navigating a ship?"

"I do," spoke up Bill Oliver. "I've handled motor launches on rivers, and though I might be a dub when it came to the sea, I could handle the engine fairly well in a pinch."

"Good!" replied Bob. "But that wasn't what I had in mind when I spoke. What I was thinking of was the wireless set it has on board. It's out of order now, but we'd have little trouble in getting it to working."

"That part of it is easy enough," put in Herb.

"But where are we going to get the power."

"They had power before, or what would have been the use of the set?" replied Bob. "There's electric lighting equipment on board, and the dynamo that supplied the current for the lights was probably used also for the wireless. It may take us some days to get the thing working, but there's nothing to stop us from doing it."

"Fine!" declared Joe, with enthusiasm. "By to-morrow night we'll be sending messages through the air. But now, fellows, we'll have to hoof it, if we get back to our old stamping ground before dark. All our grub is there and we've got to keep that bonfire burning."

"Right you are," agreed Bob. "As for grub, we'll probably find some tinned stuff on board when we have time to look more carefully, but we mustn't pass up the signal. To-morrow we'll leave a couple of fellows there for sentinel duty while the rest of us hustle over here and get busy. While some of us tinker with the wireless the rest will try to patch up the hole in the bottom of the yacht. Our luck has turned, fellows," he added jubilantly.

As the boys trudged back on their route to camp their hearts were lighter than they had been since the day they landed on the island. Up to now all they had been able to do was to watch

and wait for what chance might bring. The passive rôle had sickened them. Now they had something positive to do. They themselves could take the initiative, send out messages that they hoped would reach Honolulu and ships at sea and bring speedy deliverance.

They went to sleep with the birds that night and were up at the first streak of dawn the next morning. Breakfast was hastily despatched and, leaving Buck Looker and Croy as sentinels, the remaining five made quick time to the stranded yacht.

There were plenty of tools in the mechanic's room of the vessel and they no longer had to resort to makeshifts. Bill Oliver busied himself in the engine room, Bob and Joe tinkered with the wireless sets, both sending and receiving, and with the dynamos and wires on which they relied for the transmission of power. Jimmy and Herd did what they could in patching up the hole in the bottom which, they were relieved to find, was not so big as it had appeared at first sight.

By late afternoon Bob and Joe had finished their work and tested it. The dynamo was buzzing and the sparks fairly leaped from the key of the sending set, showing the possession of considerable power. They felt reasonably sure that they could get Honolulu.

"Ready to try it?" asked Bob of Joe, as the whole party gathered around, eyes sparkling and pulses beating high with excitement.

"Let 'er go," replied Joe.

Bob Layton's finger moved toward the key. Then he stopped abruptly.

"Gee!" he exclaimed. "There's one thing we've forgotten."

"What's that?" asked Herb.

"To find out our position," replied Bob. "How can they find us if we can't tell them where we are?"

"Sure enough," agreed Joe. "I'll rummage among the captain's things and see if I can find a sextant. But if we do find it, who knows how to use it?"

"I could make a stab at it," volunteered Bill. "It wouldn't be a workmanlike job, but it would give a rough idea of our location."

Joe's search, however, proved unavailing. The sextant and all other nautical instruments had evidently been taken along when the crew abandoned the vessel.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE VOLCANO SPEAKS

JOE found an old map, however, and from that the boys reached a rather hazy conclusion as to their general location.

"Hardly much more than guesswork," commented Bob, as he again took his position at the key. "But they'll know within fifty miles and they'll cruise around until they find this island and see our signal. Here goes."

He pressed the key and sent the message singing through the ether. He told briefly of the accident to the *Aloha,* the escape to the island, locating it as well as he could, gave his own name and those of his companions, and urged that help should be sent to them as soon as possible.

"That's that!" Bob murmured, as he suspended his efforts and looked about at his comrades. "Now let's hope that somebody gets it. Joe and I will take turns at the key and send out the message every fifteen minutes."

This was done for the next two hours, but nothing came in response.

"Perhaps it hasn't power enough to get it to Honolulu," suggested Jimmy rather gloomily.

"It'll get there soon or late," declared Bob confidently. "If not, it will be picked up by some ship at sea. Don't you remember how long it was before we got an answer when we were snowbound in the logging camp? It will be the same way here. All we've got to do is to be patient."

In the periods of waiting they experimented with the receiving set until they finally tuned in on Honolulu. They could catch fragments of messages being sent out by the giant station there to naval ships in various parts of the Pacific.

For all they knew, some of those messages concerned themselves, orders to ships to search for them among the islands. But they could not tell, for all the messages were in secret code. To the boys they were just a jumble of meaningless sounds.

But it was a comfort to hear them, because for the first time it brought them into contact with the world that lay outside their island. And at any minute a direct message might come to them in response to their call.

But twilight deepened into darkness and still no message. And all through the night the same

silence persisted, while the four Radio Boys took turns in sending out the calls and listening for a possible answer.

In the meantime, Jimmy and Herb had done creditable work in repairing the hole in the vessel's bottom. It was not work that would have stood the test of a stormy sea, but it at least insured the boat from sudden sinking into deep water if it slipped off the rocks that held it.

When the boys woke the next morning it looked as though a storm were brewing. The sky was overcast, the sea was gray, and cloudbanks were beginning to gather on the far horizon.

Bob anxiously scanned the barometer and saw that it was steadily going down, though it had not yet reached a point that threatened a serious blow.

The sentinels who had spent the night at the bonfire had come in, and two others had already started to take their places when Bob called them back.

"You'd better stay here for a while," he said. "I think there's going to be work that will be as much as all of us together can handle."

"Meaning?" asked Jimmy inquiringly.

"Meaning that we ought to get this boat into a safer position as soon as possible," replied Bob. "It looks as though a storm were coming up. If it does while the vessel is wedged between

these rocks, it will probably beat it to pieces. Then we'd be in a fix for fair."

"We sure would!" agreed Herb. "But what's your idea?"

"Just this," replied Bob. "You've noticed that little bay just beyond this rocky point," and he indicated a headland a few rods away. "If we can work the boat around that point, she'll be comparatively safe. The beach curves in there, making a cove where she wouldn't get the full force of the wind and waves. The bottom is sandy there, too, and there are no rocks. You see that point itself makes a kind of breakwater that would protect her."

"Sounds good," said Jimmy. "But it will be some back-breaking job to work her around that point."

"It will," admitted Bob. "But I think it can be done. There are seven of us. Then, too, we won't have to depend on our muscles alone. There are ropes and pulleys on board and we'll attach the pulleys to the trees. While some of us pull on the ropes the others can use poles to fend her off the rocks. Perhaps Bill too can get a little kick out of the engines to help things along. How about it, Bill?"

"I'll do my best, though she isn't in shape yet," promised Bill. "But I think I can help a little."

"Then we'll go to it," decided Bob. "We'll

wait till high water, which will be about two hours from now. In the meantime we'll get breakfast and rig the pulleys so as to be ready when the time comes."

They took a hasty meal and then busied themselves with their preparations, getting long poles for the pushing and fending while Bill tested his engines to see if he could get the promised "kick" out of them.

Bob urged them on to the top of their speed, and all of them responded royally with the exception of Buck and Croy. As had been their habit ever since they had been on the island, they grumbled and shirked.

"This is work for husky longshoremen," growled Buck.

"Might as well call ourselves slaves and be done with it," muttered Croy.

"Quit your whining, you slackers," blurted Joe, who himself was drenched with perspiration from his efforts. "Are you asked to do more than anybody else? Put your backs into it."

"Aw, the boat's well enough where it is," grumbled Buck.

"A fool's job!" snorted Croy.

Joe's face flushed. But the biting rejoinder that was on the tip of his tongue was never uttered.

At that instant the air was rent with a terrific explosion that sounded like the crack of doom!

So terrific was the roar that it seemed to split the eardrums.

The boys looked at each other with consternation in their eyes.

"What was it?" asked Herb in a hoarse, awed whisper.

"The volcano!" cried Bob, pointing to the distant part of the island where the peak towered toward heaven.

Flame and smoke surrounded the apex and a stream of liquid fire was ascending high in the air and falling again in a shower of crimson spray. As the boys stared at it in a horrid fascination they could see a half dozen scarlet threads flowing down the mountainside.

"Molten lava!" exclaimed Bob.

"Rivers of it!" added Joe. "And some of those rivers are coming this way!"

CHAPTER XXIV

IN DESPERATE PLIGHT

AGAIN and again came that deafening roar, filling the ears of the castaways, and ever the scarlet stream increased in volume. Now showers of hot ashes were beginning to fall all about them, getting into their eyes, their mouths, their nostrils, stinging whatever they touched, making sight and breathing difficult.

From the stupefaction that enveloped the group Bob Layton roused himself with a jerk.

"Now we've got to work as we never worked before!" he cried. "Go to it, fellows. Perhaps this boat is all that's left us. That lava may overspread all the island and drive us into the sea. Hurry now, and let's get this boat warped around that point."

They fell to with a will, even Buck and Croy working desperately, now that they thought their precious skins were in danger.

The high tide was an ally and gave all the buoyancy possible to the boat, and this with their

own frantic efforts and some, though slight, help from the spasmodic kicks of the engine, finally slid the boat from the rocky embrace in which it had been held.

Once free from that grip and afloat, the work was easier, and, with Bob at the wheel, the boat gradually made her way toward the headland around which might lie safety.

But while this was being done the wind and waves had been rising and the boat began to heave and toss. It began to look doubtful whether she would be able to reach the coveted headland.

They were in a desperate situation. On one side was the volcano, now in full eruption, with the lava pouring down the slope in floods. On the other was the darkening sea, the surf from which was beating on the beach with an angry roar. It was as though fire and water were contending as to which first should seize its prey.

Buck and Croy huddled in a corner near the stern, white-faced and trembling. Herb had jumped to the wheel to help Bob as the spokes were almost torn from his hands. Bill Oliver was in the engine room. Jimmy was down strengthening the patch in the hull, and Joe was at the radio, sending out calls for help and listening for a reply.

At the height of the struggle Joe came running

from the cabin shouting at the top of his voice.

"They've caught the message!" he cried. "Just got an answer from Honolulu! They're sending out vessels at once to look for us!"

There was a yell of delight from his hearers.

"Bully!" cried Bob. "Keep at it, Joe. Call them again. Tell them of the volcano. Tell them of the storm. Urge them to hurry, hurry, hurry!"

Joe disappeared and the others renewed the battle. If they could only get the vessel into that sheltered cove, they would be safe for a time, a sufficient time probably for the promised help to reach them. The force of the storm would be broken. And if the lava flow prevented their going on shore, they could take up their quarters on the boat that would serve as a floating city of refuge.

Foot by foot, yard by yard, the boat worked its way out until it was level with the little promontory.

"We're getting there," panted Bob exultantly. "Just a little way farther out now to give her sea room and we'll be able to swing her around the point. With the wind behind us then we'll go in in a hurry."

"Perhaps too much of a hurry," suggested Herb dubiously.

"For a minute or two perhaps," replied Bob.

"But then we'll be behind the headland and sheltered from the force of the wind."

Out they went until Bob thought that the time had come to turn.

"We'll swing her around now," he said to Herb. "Bear down hard on the wheel when I give the word."

Two minutes later the word was given and they strained at the wheeel, which the growing force of the wind and waves made exceedingly difficult to handle.

Gradually the little vessel yielded and began to turn in the direction of the sheltered cove.

"She'll make it!" cried Bob, as the bow swung around.

The boat had described half a turn when Herb's prophecy came true. The wind caught her on the quarter and drove her in in too much of a hurry. The startled eyes of the helmsmen saw that she was bearing down on the rocky point of the headland.

They tugged desperately at the wheel to throw her in the other direction. To an extent they succeeded. The bow swung into the line of safety.

But even as it did so the stern struck the rock. There was a horrid grinding and splintering and the rudder was snapped off short.

Bob and Herb looked at each other with faces

as pale as ashes. The boat now was as helpless as a chip upon the current.

It rebounded from the rock, and as the wind suddenly shifted at that moment, the little vessel began to drift out to sea.

The crash brought all the rest of the boys rushing to where Bob and Herb stood at the now useless wheel.

"What is it?" shrieked Buck Looker.

"The rudder has snapped off short," replied Bob sadly.

"Now we're done for!" snarled Nat Croy. "Why couldn't you have left well enough alone and stayed where we were?"

"Cut that out," Joe rebuked him. "We took a chance, did what seemed best, and luck has been against us, that's all."

"But we're going out to sea!" fairly screamed Buck, frantic with terror. "I'm going to jump overboard and swim for land!"

"No you're not," replied Joe grabbing him by the arm.

"What's going to stop me?" demanded Buck, trying to wrench himself loose.

"That," replied Joe, pointing to the water.

"That" was the great gray body of a shark that swam lazily alongside the craft, his wicked eyes gazing up expectantly at the group on deck!

There was an exclamation of horror from the boys at that reminder of what awaited any one so ill-advised as to attempt the swim to shore.

Buck Looker shrank back, trembling, and covered his face with his hands.

"What are we going to do?" he wailed.

"We're going to keep our heads," replied Bob, with a glance of contempt at the craven. "We're in a tight place, but we've been in them before and pulled through. We'd have had to take our chance with the boat, anyhow, sooner or later," he added. "Look there!"

He pointed toward the shore, where a stream of lava was flowing toward the beach, sending up a horrid hissing as the liquid flame came in contact with the water. And on either side of this were other streams of scarlet that would effectually have cut off their retreat, had they remained on the island.

"Just a choice, you see, between roasting and drowning," went on Bob. "And as for drowning, I have a hunch that we're a long way off from it yet. This storm isn't half as bad as the one we had when the *Aloha* struck the reef, and we may be able to weather it. At any rate, we're going to fight hard to pull through and not go whining about like a lot of cowards."

The courage and cheerfulness with which he spoke put new life into all his comrades except

Buck and Croy. These two stamped along the deck, muttering and wringing their hands in an agony of despair.

"Don't mind them!" exclaimed Joe, a wave of his hand dismissing them as negligible. "Give your orders, Bob, and we'll obey them on the jump."

"The main thing is to look after that hole in the bottom," replied Bob. "It's only a patched-up job, and while it may have done for smooth water it needs to be made stronger if the boat is to stand the pounding of these seas. If we can keep the water from coming through there, the boat may keep afloat. Get all the boards you can and strengthen it. And see if you can find any pitch or oakum to fill up the cracks with.

"Jimmy," he continued, "you know more about carpenter work than the rest of us and must head the job. But while we're getting the materials together you hunt up all the grub that may be aboard. I'll trust you not to overlook a crumb. Get it all together and we'll ration it out. How about water?"

"There's some in one of the butts, but it's been there ever since the vessel was abandoned, and it's none too good," replied Jimmy.

"It'll do in a pinch," replied Bob. "We can't afford to be too particular. Each one shall have the same share and will have to make it last. Joe,

you stick to the radio like a leech. Keep sending out messages every few minutes. Tell them we're adrift in a vessel that hasn't any rudder. Now all of us, except Joe, will go below and try to keep that leak in check. We must clear away the pumps, too, so as to be ready to work them, if it comes to that."

The wind came persistently from the shore and drove the little boat farther and farther out on the Pacific. In a little while the island was lost to view. The last glimpse the boys had of it showed it shrouded in flame and smoke. Bad as their present predicament was, they had got away none too soon.

It was blowing half a gale and the frail craft was tossed up and down on the waves like a cockleshell. There was no way of keeping her head on to the waves, and at every moment there was the possibility of her being submerged.

CHAPTER XXV

AT THE LAST GASP

Down in the hold the boys were working like beavers to keep the water from coming in through the improvised patch in the hull. Bill had discovered some oakum and they stuffed this into every crevice they could find. After they had strengthened it all they could with additional planks, they stretched some canvas over the boards as an additional help.

It was a heart-breaking task, for, hard as they worked, the incessant pounding of the seas nullified their labor again and again. Boards were torn from their fastenings, oakum was pushed out of the cracks, and the work had to be done all over again.

Then a new danger threatened them. The wrenching away of the rudder had strained the boards of the stern. At first the water trickled in slowly, but as the blows of the waves made the cracks wider the water kept coming in more and more.

In the meantime, Joe was busy at the key, sending out call after urgent call. Honolulu was listening now and replied frequently, telling the imperiled lads that help had already been dispatched and was sure to reach them before long.

"But how long?" Joe asked himself, with sinking heart.

There came a moment when Jimmy and his helpers had done all they could to reinforce the protections against the hole in the bottom and the cracks in the stern. Despite all their endeavors, the water kept gaining and was now creeping up to their knees.

"There's no help for it," declared Bob at last. "We've got to take to the pumps."

He divided his force into shifts, one of which worked while the others were resting. They pumped desperately, for they knew they were pumping for very life.

By now the vessel lay perceptibly lower in the water. It rolled rather than tossed upon the waves. More frequently than before, great combers came aboard and swept the vessel from stem to stern.

The one gleam of hope that came to the toiling boys lay in the fact that the storm was lessening. To a large extent it had blown itself out. But the billows still ran high and, despite their

frantic efforts at the pumps, the water was getting the better of them.

Joe came running from the wireless room.

"Keep up hope, fellows!" he cried. "Just got another message, this time from a steamer that's somewhere in these waters. She gave me her latitude and longitude, and I figure that she isn't more than fifty miles away. I tried to tell her as nearly as I could where we were, but could only make a stab at it. But she said she'd hunt for us till she found us, if we were yet afloat."

The news strengthened their flagging muscles and those at the pumps bent with renewed energy to their task.

They had been at it now for many hours and the afternoon was waning. The boys strained their eyes for a shred of smoke that might betoken the approach of a steamer. But there was nothing visible on the bleak waste of waters.

The bitter truth was borne in upon the Radio Boys at last. They must take to the one small boat that had been left on the vessel when the crew had deserted it! And they must do it at once. The deck was almost level with the water. It was only a matter of minutes now before the boat must go under.

"One last call, Joe," Bob directed. "Tell them to look out not for a yacht but a small boat.

We've got to take to it. Get her over the rail, boys. Dump those provisions aboard, Jimmy. Hustle now!"

Had the storm been at its height, the lowering of the rowboat by their unpracticed hands would have been almost an impossibility. As it was, they very nearly capsized it. But the fact that the deck was so close to the water made their task a little easier, and they all managed to clamber in and cast adrift.

There were three pairs of oars for the hands that grasped them, while Bob seated himself at the tiller.

"Pull away!" he yelled. "The vessel's going under. Get away before she sucks us down!"

The rowers pulled with the strength of desperation. And none too soon! The castaways were not more than two hundred yards distant when the vessel they had just abandoned plunged her nose into the waters and went down into the ocean depths.

The boys were adrift in a small boat on the Pacific! Night was coming on!

It was a situation that might have struck terror to the stoutest hearts. And it certainly struck terror to the hearts of the boys. None of them had had any experience in sea rowing. They had handled small boats on quiet rivers and lakes and

were fairly expert at it. But that had been nothing to the fearful task that now confronted them.

As a matter of fact, there was little use in rowing. They had no goal to reach. Still, it helped to keep the boat properly trimmed and furnished occupation for hands and mind, and Bob kept the others at it while he devoted himself to the tiller, to the all important work of keeping the boat head on to the waves. If it once got caught in the trough of the sea, it would be all over with them.

The other boys realized to the full their danger, but they stiffened themselves to meet the emergency. All but Buck and Croy, who tugged feebly at the oars, whimpering, while the tears flowed down their cheeks.

Night came down upon them. With its coming the wind finally died out and the billows subsided in volume and in fury. As the sea grew calmer, Bill Oliver took turns in relieving Bob at the tiller.

There was no thought of sleep for any of them. Their thoughts were too busy.

These were by no means pleasant thoughts. There was but little food and water, enough to last perhaps for a couple of days. And the boys knew that, even if the sea should be calm, they might float for weeks before being picked up.

They were a mere dot on the vast Pacific and might easily be unperceived, even if a vessel should heave in sight.

Now, to tinge their thoughts with still deeper gloom, phosphorescent streaks began to appear on both sides of the boat, and in the uncanny light the boys could see long, lean bodies and horrid heads from which gleamed wicked eyes. The sharks were gathering for the feast!

Slowly, dreadfully, the long, terrible night dragged on.

Dawn came at last, but it brought little lightening to their spirits. Then as a ray from the rising sun shot across the watery waste in a glint of glory, Bob lifted his voice in a shout.

"A ship!" he cried. "A steamer! Look!"

The others leaped to their feet so suddenly that they all but overturned the boat.

They followed the direction of Bob's pointing finger and descried a large vessel headed in their direction.

"Tie some of your clothes on the oars," cried Bob. "Hold them up and wave them. Quick! Wave like fury!"

Herb and Joe did as directed, and that they were seen was shown by the sudden tumult and excitement on the vessel's deck.

They had been seen! They were saved!

In a few minutes the steamer had come close

to them. It stopped, a rope was thrown down, a ladder was lowered, and the boys, excited and joyous over their rescue, clambered on board.

There they were received most cordially by the captain and the officers, who hustled the boys into the cabin, where they had a square meal, saw to it that they had a change of clothes, and then listened with the keenest interest and sympathy while the boys told their story.

The vessel proved to be a coastwise trader, the same with which Joe had been in wireless touch.

"Tickled to death to pick you up," said the captain, a bluff, good-natured mariner named Belton. "It was only a little while ago I got a message from the vessel sent out from Honolulu to get you. They're not far off, and I'll call them up right now and we'll get together. Then I'll hand you over to them."

The call was made at once, and in a little while there came racing toward the merchant ship a swift craft at whose rails, as it came nearer, the boys made out the figures of Mr. Holcombe, a group of their comrades who had been left behind in the Hawaiian capital, and the upstanding martial figure of Commodore Rowland!

"The commodore!" shouted Bob, in delight. "Look, fellows! The commodore! The old boy didn't go down after all!"

It was a rousing welcome that the boys re-

ceived when they went on board. Mr. Holcombe's voice was husky with emotion as he fairly hugged his charges, now safely back under his wings after their hairbreadth escape. The commodore, too, greeted them with a warmth that could not be measured. As for the rest of the rescuing party, they were vociferous in their delight.

After the tumult had subsided there was an interchange of experiences. The boys told their story to their absorbed listeners. Then they learned in turn that the *Aloha* had not gone down—that by desperate efforts she had been kept afloat until the next day, when a vessel had come along and towed her into Honolulu. The small boats had been picked up also and no lives had been lost.

There was one thing though that the boys did not learn till later. Buck learned it first, that same evening when Mr. Holcombe called him to a private interview in one of the cabins.

"Read this, Looker," Mr. Holcombe said gravely, as he handed him a letter that had come to the latter from the *International Radio Gazette.*

Buck read the letter, and his cheeks blanched. It contained a circumstantial confession by Carl Lutz and Terence Mooney that the models submitted by Buck and Carl in the prize contest had

been stolen by them from Frank Young and Fred Hopwood.

"How about it, Looker?" asked Mr. Holcombe, when Buck had finished.

Buck's eyes were terror-stricken, but he blurted out a flat denial. Then Mr. Holcombe put to him a series of questions about the model which soon showed that Buck knew practically nothing about the new hook-up and little about radio. Driven into a corner at last, he broke down and confessed.

"That's enough," said Mr. Holcombe in a voice of biting scorn. "I will see you again to-morrow and tell you what I have decided to do about it."

But he did not see Buck "to-morrow" or at any other time. For the boat docked at Honolulu that night, and early the next morning Buck Looker had stolen on board a steamer just leaving for San Francisco, his guilty heart in a tumult of shame and rage.

"Just what we felt sure of all along," commented Joe, when the mystery of Buck's flight was explained by Mr. Holcombe, who felt that justice to all required that the facts be revealed.

"That rat will sure have a lot of trouble waiting for him when he gets home," added Jimmy. "The town will be too hot to hold him."

"Bet he wishes now he'd forked over the

money to Lutz and Mooney," grinned Herb.

The Radio Boys lost no time in apprising their parents of their safety, and they were deluged with messages of relief and thanksgiving in return.

Their time was about up, and it was with a wrench that they tore themselves away from that favored region and the many friendships they had formed.

"We can't complain that we didn't have adventure enough this trip," remarked Bob Layton, as the Radio Boys stood on the deck of the steamer and saw the shore line of Hawaii merge into the sea.

"No," agreed Joe Atwood. "And I'm no glutton. To be adrift on the Pacific once is enough for me!"

THE END

THE RADIO BOYS ON THE PACIFIC

ALLEN CHAPMAN

Grosset & Dunlap